

THE ROUND TABLE,

Devoted to Home and Foreign Affairs, Books, Amusements, Society, and Art.

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THE whole of the stock of *The Round Table Association* having been purchased by the undersigned, he will hereafter conduct *The Round Table* as its sole Editor and Proprietor.

The journal is now established on a sound business basis, and strenuous efforts will be made not only to sustain the high reputation *The Round Table* has already acquired, but to extend and increase it. As heretofore, *The Round Table* will attach itself to no party; and, as heretofore, it will continue to advocate measures and policy which seem to its editor best calculated to assure the fraternal and prosperous relations of the whole United States. It will rigidly oppose any and every project which is inconsistent with scrupulous honesty in dealing with the public debt. It will urge that reform in the Civil Service which it has already pressed with some effect, its articles on that subject having been copied in full in the Government Reports, and thus scattered in thousands throughout the country. It will remain steadfast to the principles of Free Trade, and will advocate the passage of an International Copyright Law. Impartial and extended reviews of books will continue to be given, and much space will be devoted to literary intelligence. To improve and encourage American Literature will be a main object steadily kept in view. Matters of Art will receive increased attention, and this department will be made a more marked feature than hitherto.

In the belief that the American people, as a rule, work too hard, and that it is not unbecoming in a journal of the class and pretensions of *The Round Table* to consider that fact in arranging its contents, greater attention than before will be paid to AMUSEMENTS of a rational character. Each new entertainment worthy of notice will receive proper examination, and pains will be taken in this department to offer criticism of an attractive and sparkling quality. Pursuant to the same idea, a Chess Department will be added to *The Round Table* with the New Year, and the discussion of this, the noblest and most intellectual of games, will be entrusted to a long-acknowledged and brilliant expert. The opinions of the foreign press on American affairs will receive increased attention, and it is intended that *The Round Table* shall henceforth be found to contain a copious yet succinct summary of foreign and domestic news.

In general, while lowering none of its standards of utility and instructiveness, and relaxing not at all in the dignity of its aims, pains will be taken to make *The Round Table* more racy, popular, and attractive than it has hitherto been; and to secure the attainment of this end the staff of the paper for 1869 will be more numerous, and, it is hoped, stronger in all respects, than it has ever been before.

The price of *The Round Table* will hereafter be FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, invariably in advance, and TWELVE CENTS A SINGLE COPY. Subscribers remitting during December will receive the paper for \$5 from the date of subscription up to January 1, 1870. The reduction in the price of single copies goes into effect with the first number for 1869. Remit by draft or postal order, payable to

HENRY SEDLEY.

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The Editor is happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but he cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will he hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

THE CRIMEAN JEWS.

THE Crimea has long been known as the principal seat of those Jews who call themselves Karaïm, or Biblical, in contradistinction to their co-religionists who faithfully adhere to the Rabbinical traditions. The first authentic news which the learned world obtained of this remarkable sect was through a monograph published by Jacob Trigland, a distinguished theologian, who died in the early part of the last century. But since 1839 fresh researches instituted into the history of these schismatics have led to the discovery of additional records and monuments, which not only throw an entirely new light on the text of the Scriptures, but supply information of such profound and startling interest to Semitic palæography, Hebrew history, and our present knowledge of history

and philology in general, that it may be some time before scepticism will accept them as genuine.

In January, 1839, Prince Woronzow, governor-general of Odessa and president of the Archæological Society, instructed the governor of Simpheropol to gather among the Karaïans information for a history of the Jewish population in the Taurian peninsula. The people of Eupatoria selected for this purpose Abraham Firkowitch, their communal teacher, who was sent to visit, first alone, afterward assisted by his son Gabriel, the different Karaïan settlements from the Crimea to the Caucasus. The mission resulted in the discovery of a mass of highly important material, comprising Biblical manuscripts, with valuable epigraphs extending back to the fifth century of the Christian era, numerous copies of such epigraphs, a parchment roll with three original records, which were found secreted in the southern wall of the synagogue of Mangelis, near Derbend in the Caucasus, and seven hundred transcripts from inscriptions on ancient tombstones. These antiquarian treasures, which have opened so vast a field to philosophic inquiry, and which will be elaborately discussed in scientific circles for many days to come, were deposited at Odessa and St. Petersburg. In 1863 the elder Firkowitch still further enriched the collection by eight more original inscriptions, discovered by him in Jewish cemeteries, which he carefully detached from the tombs and transmitted to St. Petersburg.

The chief scene of these remarkable discoveries appears to have been Tschufutkale—a name which signifies a Jewish fortress. During the middle ages this locality was exclusively inhabited by Jews, and they defended it with great valor in 1261 against the Genoese. It stands on a lofty promontory, nearly on a line with Sebastopol, which lies on the other—western—side, and at about an hour's distance from Bachtschiseraï. Close by the place, at the entrance to a valley, is an ancient Jewish cemetery, whose venerable age the Karaïans aptly commemorate by calling it the "Valley of Josaphat." It is under the shade of a grove of primeval trees, to touch which would be considered sacrilege, that the ancient tombs extend in long rows. But their slabs, instead of standing erect, lie with the face upward, half embedded in the sod. The shape of these tombstones is utterly unlike any hitherto known. A part of them are systematically arched at the top, while the other part have horn-like gables rising from their longer sides. The inscriptions are never under the arch or under the gables, but always on the sides, and these generally in an artificial depression which hides them still more from observation. This circumstance, as well as the fact that these heavy stones have, in the course of centuries, partly sunk into the soil, sufficiently explain why even Firkowitch should only have discovered them by the merest accident.

It was already of great moment to Jewish history and literature that there should have been found among the Tschufutkale tombs one whose inscription states it to be the grave of that Isaac Sangari who converted, in 750, the king of the Chazars to the Mosaic faith, and whom the classic work of Juda Halevi (entitled *Cuzari*) describes as discussing religious principles with the prince. But these stones furnish other testimony which is still more momentous and important to the world. They attest the fact of an ante-Karaïan, ante-Christian era—an era when the Crimea was already settled by Jews, inasmuch as the most ancient bear inscriptions which date back from the year 555 to the year 6 after Christ. One of the eight inscriptions last deposited in the Asiatic Museum of St. Petersburg reads as follows: "Rabbi Mose Levi, died in the year 726 of our Exile." Now, it must be borne in mind that this exile is, as proved by the year of the Creation recorded in another place, the Assyrian exile—the exile of the lost ten tribes of Israel; and their era dates back on the same tombs from the year 696. Again, a second inscription reads thus: "This is the memorial sign of Buki, son of Isaac, the priest; rest he in Paradise; in the time of the redemption of Israel in the year 702 of our Exile!" The year 702 referred to is the year 3 after Christ. Consequently there must have been in the Taurian peninsula, at the period of the deferred redemption in the Holy Land, a Jewish Diaspora which sighed for it. The ten lost tribes have been sought

from the Urmian sea to Afghanistan and China, and are even supposed to have been found. But here, for the first time, we meet stones which bear in mute eloquence witness to the existence of a portion of them, and to their having preserved among the heathen the religion and customs of their fathers. During the three decades in which their remote home beheld the most momentous and central event in the world's history, this fragment of the Jewish people already committed their dead to Taurian earth.

Beside the era of exile, there appear also on these tombstones two other eras of the creation: the ancient Crimea and the Matarchical. Matarcha is a place near the Crimea where some Greek Jews had settled about the year 350 after Christ, and who had imported with them the era of the creation which is still in use among the Jews of the present day. This era is called in the inscriptions the Matarchical. The ancient Crimean era differs from it by more than 151 years, so that to obtain the corresponding Christian year 89, not 240, as in the ordinary era of the creation, must be added to the hundred.

Such are the conclusions at which Chwolsen has arrived in the able treatise submitted by him to the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, entitled "*Eighteen Inscriptions from the Crimea: a contribution to Biblical chronology, Semitic palæography, and ancient ethnography.*" The conflict of opinion to which these discoveries had given rise at their first announcement has become more violent since the publication of this treatise. Its author, an indefatigable searcher after truth, whose great work on the Suabians and the old Babylonian literature has already once before brought the critics down on him, will no doubt be compelled to pass through a still more trying ordeal now, although the malice of his opponents may not go so far as to accuse him again of deliberate forgery.

Neubauer, the distinguished Jewish savant so prominently noticed in Renan's *Life of Christ*, whom the French government commissioned to examine the authenticity of the documentary and monumental collection of antiquities at St. Petersburg, however much predisposed to scepticism, was compelled to concede the genuineness of the Crimean inscriptions and their extension back to the Christian era. The only point which still remains to be explained is that the writing should even more closely resemble the square characters used in the middle ages than the two inscriptions discovered by Renan, on his second visit to Palestine, among the ruins of some Gallic synagogues.

THE CASE OF HESTER VAUGHAN.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence enjoys the unenviable reputation of being sometimes singularly and persistently, not to say obtusely, at fault in its estimate of the facts it adduces in support of its conclusions. The made-up chain may seem to the unskilled observer sound and well annealed; but to an expert eye, versed in correct scrutiny and estimation, its combined links present the anomaly of a whole without parts, or with parts so broken and defective as to be utterly worthless for all practical purposes. The very term has assumed a popular signification synonymous with injustice, and a blind, stupid perversion in degree, if not in substance, of what the law terms its sanction—implying the proper reward of virtue and the infliction of a punishment for the commission or proven perpetration of crime—indicative of distrust in the public mind. None of us living in a community where fraud and mistake abound—and what society of mortals so pure or limited on earth as not to feel the truth of the assertion?—need be told that appearances are most deceitful criteria of the actual state of things when unsupported by solid, substantiated, authentic facts. General and individual experience afford ample data in support of this position.

In England, the very cradle and nursery of circumstantial conviction, numerous instances are cited in books of criminal reports where a severe sentence and too ready execution followed a verdict grounded solely upon evidence either false or mistaken in toto. The oft-cited case of the servant aroused from sleep by his master's death-cries, at a tavern where they had put up for the night, and who, without reflecting upon the probable consequences of his act, plucked the

assassin's bloody dagger, in mercy, from the wound, and suffered trial, conviction, and execution for his master's murder—a crime known and designated by the title of petit treason at common law—and who afterwards proved, by the dying confession of the guilty party, to be the innocent victim of a juridical blunder, is familiar to the legal student and general reader as well. Justice in pursuit of culprits may easily become blinded by the very dust and heat of the over-ardent chase.

In America, which many among us vaunt as a land of superior intelligence, with greater laxity of legal investigation, by reason of extreme haste in the trial of causes and indifference to the ends and objects of justice in the establishment of right, convictions similar to the one above mentioned are much more likely to occur. So inconclusive is oftentimes the testimony in petit cases, not to mention those of a capital nature, that a pardon by the state executive is not only common but necessary to prevent the sacrifice of innocence in place of guilt; and a deep-rooted opposition to the exercise of the hangman's office in the administration of justice has grown to be nearly universal in the minds of the reflecting and conscientious. Of course repugnance to the infliction of capital punishment also arises from motives of humanity. Even the propriety of Scripture justification for retaliation in kind, where human life has been feloniously taken, is freely canvassed, and much æsthetic sentimentality in favor of a higher law is advocated as a substitute for the injunctions of revelation.

In confirmation stronger than Holy Writ of the aversion expressed by thinkers and philanthropists to the infliction of the death penalty, a case has recently occurred in a neighboring city singularly suggestive of the fallibility of human judgement when exercised in condemnation. In a measure to sift this matter from the chaff which surrounds it, we proceed to state the simple facts proven, and to show where the chain of evidence, upon which a verdict of guilty was rendered and a sentence of death pronounced, seems to us to be unsound or broken away altogether. An English girl of twenty-three, married, and for some time deserted by her husband, became pregnant—by whom or under what circumstances she refuses to tell. She sought refuge during her confinement in a barely furnished room at a monthly rent of three dollars, in a tenement occupied by Germans. There, in a state of misery and destitution whose relation provokes every sympathy, alone, without fire or covering, upon a wretched substitute for a bed, famishing, and with no obstetric assistance, from Thursday until Saturday morning she lay in the agony of labor. At the end of that time she summoned strength to call, *voluntarily*, for help, and was found by some members of the German family exhausted and semi-conscious, with a dead infant lying beneath her. As it is stated that the Germans did not understand English, and the girl spoke no German, what was said can be of no importance.

In due time the girl was tried for her life upon the charge of infanticide. Her defence seems to have been feebly conducted; conviction followed as the natural result of ignorance or neglect on the part of those acting in her behalf, and sentence was spoken by the court for the avowed purpose of making a whole-some example of somebody in order to check the increase of infanticide among the community at large. Now, how was the defence at fault? or, rather, wherein was the investigation flimsy and superficial? First, the prosecution failed to prove that the child was *born alive*. The test of floating the lungs in water to ascertain whether the air-vesicles were ever inflated does not seem to have been thought of at all. Second, it was somehow vaguely rumored that the infant was an eight months' birth—one rarely surviving delivery under the best of circumstances, which the surroundings of this case were certainly not—and this point was not put in defence. Third, there was every reason to believe that puerperal fever attacked the unfortunate mother in the abject poverty and suffering of her position during confinement, rendering her irresponsible for her actions from mental derangement. Fourth, the indentations reported to be upon the child's head, and said to resemble the marks of a thumb and forefinger, were not conceded to be just what they were supposed to be—namely, wounds that the mother her-

self unconsciously inflicted in the violent process of unaided parturition. The above are plain legal objections to the conduct of this case which any average judge or lawyer must see the logic of. But upon circumstantial testimony, loose, inconclusive, and thin as air, the prisoner was solemnly adjudged to death upon the scaffold. At the last moment it happily occurred to some sensible person or other—a lady, we have learned—that this sort of thing might be a little hasty, to say the least, and public attention was called to the actual facts of the case, as disclosed at the trial. They are now, thank Heaven, under scrutiny of the press and the people, and will doubtless undergo thorough examination at the hands of the governor of Pennsylvania.

It may be further mentioned, in connection with this case, that the exponents of the woman's rights movement suddenly seized upon this glaring instance of man's inhumanity to woman to set forth their claims before the public. Mr. Greeley lent a kindly, sympathetic ear to an invitation to preside at a philanthropic meeting at the Cooper Institute, and speeches were made by the usual advocates of universal suffrage. Fortunately they succeeded in exciting but little prejudice against the really deserving claims of the condemned to a searching investigation into the justice of her conviction and incarceration.

GOLDEN YOUTH.

POETS of all ages have been given to singing the praises of youth; and old people whose paths in life have been flowery or fruitful become occasionally garrulous over the same subject. A vivid imagination in the one case and the enchantment of distance in the other softens the shadows and throws a tint of rose color over the entire picture. To those who have little or nothing to look forward to on this side the Styx it is a pleasant occupation to recall ancient feats in love and revelry; and to console themselves for the uncertainties of the future by the enjoyments of the past. People are apt to forget the troubles sooner than the pleasures which have befallen them; for the mind, when it deals in retrospection, is seldom tempted to linger at the dark places, unless it is in a morbid condition. The thorns as well as the flowers of life are chiefly of one's own gathering, and there can be little pleasure in the thought that it was free to one to choose the latter instead of the former. For this reason old people love to dilate upon the merry-makings of their juvenile days—especially when their audience is composed of the young—and to live over again, in imagination, not the life which they really lived, but only that part of it to which a fanciful memory and the realities of the present add fresh charm. It is a truism that the happiness we have enjoyed is always more valued by us than that which we do enjoy. The same principle, moreover, holds in this as it does in the other concerns of life, that what belongs to us is of greater value than that owned by the rest of the world. It becomes a point of honor for the old to show that the times in which they lived—for they can hardly be said to live in the present—were superior to all others in every respect. Thus, they are sometimes found indulging in regretful recollections of the stage-coach, and abusing railroads as a modern abomination; and thus they look upon each new invention with distrust, for experience has taught them that it is sure eventually to supersede some one of their time-honored institutions. The only golden age was that of their youth, and the world since that time has been every day growing worse.

And yet, if we consider a little, we may find that this *bel état de la jeunesse* is one of the many illusions cherished by a credulous humanity. In the first place, it may be asked in what respect a young man is superior to one of any other age. Physically he is the inferior of the man whose strength and vitality have attained their maximum; mentally he cannot compare with the middle-aged or the old, either in learning or experience. His mind as well as his body is in a gristly state. He is but an overgrown child, whose taste for toys and sugar-plums has transformed itself into desires not so innocent but scarcely less infantile. The juvenile faults have been enlarged into manly vices. Women and horses occupy him instead of sweetmeats and playthings. The innocence of childhood has worn off, leaving only the

foolishness which he does his best to hide by the affectation of a knowledge of the world; and he spends his time in pursuits which, when not absolutely vicious, are profitless to the world and to himself. As to his mental capacity, it is of the smallest. It is rarely able to hold more than a few ideas of the weakest quality. The color of his neck-ties and his moustache, the size of his collars and his gloves, form part of the more serious subjects of his reflection. A young man of fashion is certainly a gorgeous-looking insect, and, if it were possible to desiccate and pin him to a card, would probably be more interesting entomologically than the most brilliant specimen of the *genus Papilio*; and this is, perhaps, the only use to which he could be turned. He cannot, as a rule, originate an idea of the least value to his fellow-creatures, for his mind is too much wrapped up in the trivialities which minister to his self-conceit to find time for the wants or the sufferings of others. Thus it is that young people, however warm-hearted and sensible they may naturally be, are more or less selfish and vain. They are too eager to enjoy themselves to reflect on the pain and sorrow which exist around them, and with which they are destined to become personally acquainted sooner or later; and they are so much engaged in thinking of themselves that they cannot believe but that others are doing the same. There is undoubtedly this excuse for the errors of the young, that they proceed from thoughtlessness or from an ignorance of the minute distinctions between right and wrong, which often leads them to mistake the one for the other. The same principle commonly applies to the good qualities they may possess. Their generosity and truthfulness result rather from the inability to refuse a favor or invent a falsehood than from the abstract love of mankind or of truth. It is hard to see how such a character is superior to that which is guided in its conduct by the wisdom acquired from experience.

The chief cause of the popular belief in youth's being the golden season of life is found in the fact that it possesses a greater capacity for enjoyment, and is less affected by present or prospective troubles than any subsequent age. Yet, is not childhood superior to it in these respects? The pleasure which is extracted from tops or dolls is as intense as that derived from fine clothes or trinkets, and lollipops are as sweet to the mouths of children as truffles to those of older people. Moreover, if youth is seldom given to troubling itself with anticipating misfortune, childhood has no cares but those of the moment. The ignorance of the latter, too, is innocence, while that of the former is foolishness. If we had to award the preference to either, we should give it to the second; but there are other things in human nature which we think more valuable, and more to be desired, than the faculty of enjoying one's self. That keen sense of pleasure even, in which the superiority of youth to any later period of life is supposed to consist, proceeds in most cases from ignorance or an unformed taste. Experience teaches us to discriminate between the good and bad things of the world; to tell a *coquette* from an *ingénue* or a daub from a work of art; to appreciate the flavor of a *Perigord* or the bouquet of a *premier cru*—in other words, to distinguish the false from the real, and to hold true merit at its proper value. If it is a virtue to be equally pleased with all, so much may be conceded to youth; but there are few, we believe, would be willing to part with the æsthetic experience they may have acquired, even to get back that vigorous digestive power of their juvenile years which received all sorts of food, material and intellectual, with indiscriminating indifference. A facile disposition is probably susceptible of the most happiness. From being less exacting, it finds more matter for enjoyment than another. Its pleasurable sensations are measured not by the quality, but the quantity; and it flies from the disagreeable instead of brooding over it like the more highly educated nature. The young are insensible to the extremes of felicity and misery, or are not more affected by them than by the commonplace pleasures and disappointments of life; but they can take delight where the more matured see only folly, or even the disagreeable. The death of a friend or the loss of fortune appears to trouble them no more than the failure of one of their little schemes of pleasure; and they can sip as much enjoyment from a glass of

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gooseberry as the most refined epicure from one of old *Clos Vougeot*. The highest order of sensations excites in them the same sentiment as the lowest. If the proverb that, when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, be accepted for truth, we can understand how youth should be the most enviable season of life; but, in that case, the rustic who can see no difference between a Raphael and a tavern-sign is the happiest man of all. On this principle, the nature in which the animal predominates is most to be desired, since its gratifications are easy of attainment, and do not require that education which, if it enlarges the sensibility to pleasure, at the same time renders it more susceptible to pain. The most ardent worshipper of juvenility will scarcely go so far as this.

THE SUPPRESSED SEX.

WHEN Eliza Farnham died she anticipated an early acceptance by the world of at least some of her doctrines. She did not think that men would soon concede the superiority of woman as claimed in her own last book of *Woman and her Era*; but we have reason to suppose that she did expect a concession of equality in the sense of Miss Lydia Becker. Yet even Mrs. Farnham, we imagine, would have been surprised to see within these few short years so decided a change in public opinion as we now find taking place around us, and which men must be either very blind or very wilful when they refuse to understand or to appreciate it. A tide is rising around us which cannot be ignored, cannot be good-humoredly laughed down, cannot be ill-humoredly sneered down, and cannot be violently forced down. It rises all the time, and we must either rise with it or, in the slang of the day, go under. The women will have their way of us, and not now alone the ignorant women, the fanatical women, the women of sharp noses and tongues, of corkscrew curls and nasal whines, the women of *isms*, in a word, but those of a very different stamp. We believe, indeed, that what *The Westminster Review* has just said, in an article bearing our present heading, describes with considerable accuracy the pervading sentiment in both England and America, namely, that "it is plain that the public mind is ripening toward a radical change in the social and civil position of woman. The salient and impressive fact underlying and overlying the whole discussion—one which conservatism cannot argue out of it—is this, that the most educated and intelligent women of the present day are profoundly dissatisfied with the present relations of law and society to their sex. All experience warns us that such dissatisfaction cannot continue unproductive."

It is not necessary that we should unreservedly subscribe to the reasonableness and expediency of all the demands of such representative women as Mrs. Stanton or Miss Becker, in order to be able to say that we think those demands are extremely likely to be satisfied. There is a broad line of distinction here which we would fain dwell upon with some emphasis. We do not yet believe, and so cannot say that we believe, that the general happiness of society is likely to be increased by female suffrage. We do believe, however, that if women really desire this right, or privilege, or trust—our readers may call it what they like—that the evils of granting would be less than the evils of withholding it. When it is unmistakably understood that the majority of American women desire the suffrage, we say give it them in Heaven's name, and may it in their hands bring greater blessings than it always has in the hands of the men. It is an anomaly very hard to get around or, consistently with common sense and justice, to explain away, that ignorant and degraded foreigners and negroes should vote by millions in our country, and should thus exert a potential voice in the destinies of the nation, while an equal number of intelligent, clear-headed American women, heads of families, mothers of future voters, patriotic women with minds, wills, and opinions of their own, should be sweepingly excluded from the polls. No average thinker denies that this is *per se* an injustice. Some say—and we at times have been among the number—that these unintelligent masses of men ought not to have the vote at all, and argue thence that their possession of it does not constitute, in itself, just ground for its bestowal on women. Others maintain—with a sharper eye, perhaps, to

moral than to political considerations—that the very character of so considerable a proportion of the existing voters furnishes the best possible reason for withholding it from the opposite sex. It must be admitted, however, that these objections are to some extent of an impracticable and visionary sort. Manhood suffrage is unlikely, save by a revolution which we may hope to escape, to be rescinded in our day, and the contacts and attritions denied to Turkish women are endured with tolerable immunity from harm by their sisters of England and America. We do not think the fears expressed by a reverend correspondent in another column are likely, then, to be realized, although, like all earnest suggestions respecting so momentous a subject, they deserve to be carefully considered; but we confess to very serious doubts as to the effect of the proposed innovation upon the domestic circle and the general tranquillity of the existing social organization. If it can be shown that something may here be given to women without taking anything from the men; and that this something will otherwise be allowed by the men, without subtracting anything in return which most women would rather keep than gain the right to vote, these latter doubts may also be dissipated.

It is a very curious and interesting feature of this woman question, and one to which the writer in *The Westminster* pays some attention, that the elevation of the sex, partly through geographical circumstances, and partly, it would seem, through the accidents which affect the general career of our race, has always proceeded, as it were, on an inclined plane from east to west. "The severity of the struggle for existence," says the reviewer, "which decided the habits and ideas of the human race amid the rocks and sands of Asia—where for every grain of corn there were many claimants—made fighting the chief end of man, physical strength the only virtue, physical weakness the only crime. This originated that social position of woman which is fairly represented by the saying in Vishnu Sarma: 'A man of straw is worth a woman of gold.' This cause was enhanced also by the fact that, already more numerous than men, women in the remote East grew in number out of all proportion with men, by reason of the great westward male migrations to the more fruitful soils formed by their rivers. The emigrant of that day, even more than of this, preferred to leave the women behind when starting on his untrod way. And this, together with the decimation of men by constant wars, enormously increased the number of women, who consequently became cheap; a man could have as many wives as he pleased; and there was a competition which should become his favorite by being most his slave. But it is certain that, with every step of man's migration westward, the position of woman was improved. For this there were two causes. The chief was that the emigrants, having left their women behind them, found few in the countries to which they went to take their places. Women were not cheap in Europe, but rare and valuable. Many men wished to marry each woman. The ancient chronicle of the Picts relates that they were originally six brothers who left Thrace with their adherents, because the king insisted on marrying their sister." The climax of the state of things thus brought about, passing through mediæval times to the improved condition of woman in Western Europe, and thence on to the still higher consideration in which they are held in the United States, has lately been witnessed in California; where some of the first females who made their way thither in the early days of the gold excitement were actually almost worshipped as goddesses. San Francisco, in 1850, was the highest end of the inclined plane.

The agitation, however, which we see gathering and increasing around us to-day is due to no such abnormal condition of things. In England, where the number of women is slightly greater than that of the men, and in our Western States, where the reverse condition is true, we find the same ideas of progress, the same zeal for feminine enfranchisement, unaffected, apparently, by any numerical disproportions that may exist between the sexes. The women of great brain—whatever the scope or disparity of their mere culture or attainments—the Harriet Martineaus and Eliza

Farnhams and George Eliots and Elizabeth Brownings, who have impressed or are impressing upon the world the important fact that there are some, at least, of their sex who can think and do as well as the cleverest among men, are making their mark and teaching their lesson through no chance mediums of war, chivalry, or immigration, but through eternal and immutable channels, upon whose efficacy no accidents can have power. We are just passing, in brief, into the edge of a new and strange cycle in the world's history. Individuals are doubtless helpless to prevent that revolution in the social and political status of woman which has long been embryonic and feeble, but which now, like the goddess from the head of Jove, seems ready to spring forth armed and mature. Whether pleased or displeased with the prospect, hopeful or otherwise, we are all likely soon to be called upon to do what thousands of generations of men have done before us—accept the inevitable, and to hope that the result may come as near the halcyon promise of its enthusiastic advocates as they have labored so long and so manfully to make us believe.

PLANCHETTE.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," said Solomon, wisest of the sons of men, and he might have added there is nothing certain either. Of all the famous discoveries that make the boast of modern enlightenment, how many are there whose supposed novelty will stand the test of research; how many that we can trace to any assured source? Gunpowder and printing were Chinese antiquities centuries before Bacon or Gutenberg existed; the steam-engine, on which we pride ourselves so greatly, was a toy of Ptolemy's philosophers; and some day the electric telegraph will be traced back even beyond the experiments of Professor Gauss, to whom nobody gives any credit at all, to some remote Sanscrit *savan*. In like manner it seems to us that there is something suspicious in the obscurity which surrounds the origin of Planchette. What was the name of its inventor, what was the character of the marvellous mind which could compass such an invention, or by what extraordinary accident the notion was suggested—and this seems to us the most curious thing about it—the jealous past refuses to disclose. And we may be sure that if that fertile genius were still alive, or any inheritor of his unfulfilled renown, he would have made haste to claim credit for the glory that this little heart-shaped board with its pantograph wheels has won. Doubtless this, too, we shall some day find to be as old as the rest. Persian magi may have taken counsel of its erratic meanderings; Ptolemy may have found in its curious tracings the germs of his cycles and epicycles; perhaps—who knows?—the famous oracle of Dodona itself may have used no other tripod. Possibly human ingenuity was not concerned in its invention at all, but some diabolical agency may have suddenly introduced it on earth in its pasteboard case, a second Pandora's box, for man's dire discomfiture and undoing.

After all, though, this is profitless conjecture. What concerns us chiefly is not Planchette's origin, but its powers; not whence it came, but what it can do for us. But this is, if possible, a greater puzzle than the other. For no two people who have tried it can be brought to agree on the extent of Planchette's capabilities. Already the contention waxes a little acrimonious; friends are being estranged and families divided on this important point, and society is threatened with a Planchette war. And it is really very difficult to get at the merits of the case, so as to know on what side to range one's self in the approaching strife. If you trust to the judgement of experts you are speedily lost in a dense fog of conflicting theories and contradictory statements. There is Miss Kate Field, for example, who will assure you in the most convincing manner imaginable that Planchette is capable of all sorts of incredible things; of giving you messages from your deceased grandmother and your contingent grandson; of telling you not only what you are thinking of, but what you are not thinking of, with the utmost promptness and precision; in short, of doing all that its most enthusiastic vender ever claimed for it, and a great deal more. So you shut up Miss Field's amusing little book with a pleasant sense of conviction and entire confidence in Planchette, and you open the last number of the Magazine only to have all your doubts revived in horrible vigor by a circumstantial proof that Planchette is a fraud, and all Planchettists, at best, are self-deluded impostors.

Between these bewildering extremes what is the unfortunate seeker after Planchettic truth to do? Metaphorically speaking, he is all at sea, with lights on every side he dare not trust, beating about in vain for the harbor of a protecting mean. Perhaps he will soonest find it by making due allowance on his chart for the blazing enthusiasm of one Pharos and the twinkling ignorance of the other. Miss Field's marvellous success, no more than the other writer's ignominious failure, affords a satisfactory measure of Planchette's capabilities. If the little mischief were not, almost by a natural consequence, of the feminine gender, we might trace to some spirit of gallantry that docility which Miss Field assures us her Planchette usually displayed; as it is, we find it hard to resist the conviction that something of her triumph was due to that curious freemasonry of sex which is woman's best bulwark against the oppressions of the tyrant man. But we doubt very much if Miss Field's experiences are to be fairly ranked under the head of Planchettomancy at all. To us they seem rather to belong to those spiritualistic phenomena whose explanation, if it be ventured at all, requires a much more subtle and complex chain of reasoning than the ordinary and, so to speak, legitimate operations of Planchette. For these it seems to us can be traced to purely physical laws, now only dimly understood, and requiring no supernatural or preternatural agency whatever. In spiritualism we neither believe nor disbelieve; we simply don't understand. In Planchette we do believe; and if we cannot explain the ground of our belief to another, we can at least satisfactorily account for it to ourselves. Animal magnetism furnishes an easy, if not always conclusive, escape from the difficulty; and we are much better satisfied to trust to some such explanation as this than to believe that any of us mortals can at his caprice call spirits from the vasty deep. And, after all, Planchette's doings are commonplace enough; at most only curious as illustrating the swiftness of the workings of mental sympathy. Miss Field to the contrary notwithstanding, we are convinced that it will write nothing which is not in the mind of some person present in the room where it is being operated, and the extraordinary results which she and other people have procured from it are due to her and their virtues as "writing mediums," and not to any legitimate power of Planchette itself. People who can foretell the future, and get communications from their deceased grandmothers with the help of Planchette, can do the same without, and the vast majority of those, on the other hand, who succeed in making Planchette talk are utterly in the dark about the future, and never get so much as a word from their deceased grandmothers. For these its powers are strictly limited, and, as we said, confined to reporting what is in the mind, *consciously or unconsciously*, of some person in magnetic sympathy with the mind of the operator. Beyond the curiosity of this connection, there is nothing so wonderful in all this, nothing which is not matched in our daily talk by that phenomenon of mental anticipation touched on in *In Memoriam*:

"When Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt forth to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech."

To us Planchette is something more than a toy, though less than a demon. For it seems to bring us to the threshold of a marvellous discovery, to the unraveling of some of those mysterious laws by which mind works on matter. If, for example, some benefactor of his race should find the means of reducing it to such subjection that one should need only to place a hand on it and think one's poem or critique or sermon to have it set down on paper with more than stenographic swiftness and fidelity, thus photographing, as it were, one's mental processes, what a famous thing it would be, to be sure! And how all of us slaves of the pen, whose minds outrun our laggard hands so that our happiest fancies fly before we can imprison them in ink—how we should bless, even though we now revile, Planchette! Before that happy time there must be, of course, a much fuller understanding of its theory and a great improvement in its construction. But, to quote the motto from Arago, on Miss Field's title-page, "He who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word impossible, lacks prudence," and we may yet live to see Planchette realize even wilder conjectures than we have ventured on.

SELF-RESPECT.

SELF-RESPECT is an old-fashioned quality which, in its hurry, a progressive age seems a little inclined to leave behind, adopting in its stead self-assertion as a substitute more easily carried. Almost any one would be indignant on being told that

he was deficient in a quality the possession of which is generally assumed as if it were the commonest attribute of humanity, its name being usually applied to passions and weaknesses with which it is utterly incompatible. It is the title, indeed, by which a man will dignify an army of faults and follies which may wear, until they are tried, the semblance of its strength, and it is difficult to define, except by negatives, an attribute which the unerring instinct of mankind reverences, and its erring reason too often simulates.

It is not self-assertion, for self-respect is always modest; nor vanity, for it is too proud to be vain; neither is it pride, for it has self-knowledge; nor arrogance, for it has self-reverence. Much goodness may be in a man and he may not possess self-respect, and much evil may be in one and yet, by some marvellous complexity of his mental and moral structure, he may retain it. There have been deformed Sampsons, and mental strength does not invariably include moral purity; but while careless of the smaller moralities, it will still wear one aspect of self-respect—self-reliance; the essence of that mixture of moral and physical courage with a happy audacity which urged the heroes of the middle ages to cut the Gordian knots they would never have untied. It is sometimes, in these trading days, very difficult to believe that self-respect is not a thing of the past, a curious, cumbrous quality, unwieldy like the armor which became the men of old and, like it, unfitted for the rapid skirmishing of modern fights. The true knights gained their moral as they gained their physical strength, by incessant effort. Only by long practice in severe exercises could they gain the power of using their heavy arms; only by persistence in self-control, in self-abnegation, by sincerity of life and simplicity of faith, could they have developed their individuality, and stood by it, regardless of consequences and indifferent to that fear of public opinion which swamps the self-reliance of the present century. For us, now, there is no simplicity of faith—unless we could accept that term as implying vagueness; for us there is but little sincerity of life, we are so hampered by conventionalities and accustomed to deal in sophistications. The habit of regarding the opinions of our fellows has long passed that point where its effect is beneficial, and reached one where it is entirely the reverse, having attained to an excess wherein its action is simply obstructive. The voice of the people has, in its clamor, drowned the voices that were used to inspire it. Men of thought and originality have retired deafened from the contest, and public opinion has come to be merely the iteration of the narrowest and most selfish views taken by commonplace people. Were we to accept such public opinion as the expression of a true nationality, we could scarcely claim for ourselves as a nation the quality of self-respect. But we are accustomed to find people fortifying each other in the expression of contemptible opinions while all the time entertaining a profound belief in the nobility of the nation as a whole, and we expect to be judged rather by our standards than by our performances. All nations have a curiously innocent way of holding their faults to be virtues and making a parade of them, and are apt in many ways to exhibit rather markedly the absence of some aspects of self-respect. They brag and bluster, and then yield in a manner which in the individual would be both humiliating and absurd; but of course many attributes that would be weak or vicious in the man are heroic in a people, and an attitude of defiance and self-assertion is not only compatible with, but essential to, national self-respect. Nations, like corporations, are perhaps not supposed to have any conscience, and ought not to be expected to exhibit in the aggregate those nicer shades of self-respect which their individual members so variously display. All the English-speaking people have invariably assumed to be more conscientious and more self-respectful than other nations. Their conscientiousness we will not now discuss, but the other quality we think is too readily assumed. Is self-respect compatible with that English insolence which is so conspicuous on all public and private occasions? or with the Irish arrogance which seems ever haunted by an uneasy sense of insecurity? or can we claim the crown of national and individual dignity while an irritable vanity for ever demands the admiration of the world, while the pursuit of money gradually absorbs all the best minds in the country, and while our once steady labor degenerates into gambling? Scarcely; but nobody cares to disturb this or any one of the many forms of self-delusion which assume so cheerfully that all movement is progress and all change improvement, and, generally, that what-

ever a great number of people sustain each other in doing must be right.

It is always so easy to preserve that one cheap imitation of self-respect which sustains itself by the example of its neighbors, which goes with the multitude, assumes what it assumes, and believes what it believes. The conscience of the mob, like its vote, will be generally influenced by easy and, apparently, profitable reasons—the "common-sense view," as they say—and the public and private opinions of the mobs of great cities bend under the enervating weight of luxury and yield obedience to the power of wealth. Once given up to the slavery which the adoration of material prosperity involves, there is little chance for the growth of self-respect in the nation or in the man. The good opinions sought in such a state of society are to be gained by no individual merit; even industry fails to secure the admiration given to some successful juggler or marvellous stroke of luck, which will for a time secure to any member of the feverish community the envy and adulation of the rest.

Yet in such a community people can be found who can take it for granted that they are all filled with a quality which excludes meanness, falsehood, and cowardice; which lifts a man above the worship of prosperity, the feverish pursuit of wealth, and the temptations of coarse pleasures; above the possibility of rudeness to inferiors or subserviency to power; wherein lies, in short, the essence of all the good which Minerva offered so vainly to bestow upon Paris—"self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."

LAW LITERATURE.

WE remember hearing a celebrated publisher say, some years ago, that when there was a great demand for law books in the community there was apt to be little for books of other kinds. Whether this was to be attributed to the theory that the prevalence of litigation disinclined people from the gentler walks of literature, and that the *inter arma silent leges* principle was shifted in its application to philosophy and belles-lettres in epochs of legal contention, we have never precisely understood; but, whatever the theory, we have had some occasion to test the fact. We have just now, for example, been passing through a stage of rather unusual literary stagnation. Good books have lingered wearily on publishers' shelves, and even very bad ones have not had that hearty acceptance at the hands of the public which they have been accustomed to receive. The good time coming has been deferred and deferred until even the most sanguine believers in healthy averages, and in the future recuperation which was to assure them, have begun to look at each other in dismay. Just now there seems to be, happily, a turn in the tide, and, what with the settlement of immediate political issues, the abundant crops, the instinct which pervades the community that taxation will surely and speedily be lowered, and the general air of prosperity with which we are approaching the New Year, there seems a respectable chance that the market for literary wares will, in 1869, be a flourishing one. Meanwhile the illustration we set out with proposing to note will be admitted to be a forcible one. While other excellent books have gone begging for buyers those devoted to the law have apparently been in active demand. If we may gauge this by the extent and character of the supply, the appearance certainly agrees with the reality.

Within a few weeks there have been put on the market a large number of highly important works of this class. Among them, and in addition to others which have been specially reviewed in our columns, we observe the new edition of Washburn's *Real Property*, now enlarged to three volumes, enriched by much fresh and interesting matter, and including more especially an elaborate treatment of the Homestead Act, here discussed in any like treatise for the first time; Judge Cooley's excellent work on *Constitutional Limitations*, which, although it may seem to cover the same ground with the similar productions of Mr. Smith and Mr. Sedgwick, includes topics discussed by neither of those writers, and derives special value from its references to recent events and decisions; the treatise on the *Law of Telegraphs* by Messrs. Scott and Jarnagin, a work which, notable as being unique, having had no predecessor in the same field of investigation, must for that reason, together with the constantly increasing variety of cases connected with its subject, become indispensable to every law library; and Mr. Townsend's masterly work on *Slander and Libel*, which may be regarded in a manner as the matured fruit of thirty years' laborious toil, much of which has fallen within the range of the

topics now treated. These important contributions to legal literature, for the three first of which the profession is indebted to the press of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, and for the last to that of Messrs. Baker, Voorhis & Co., of New York, are but four among many which indicate the activity prevailing in this branch—an activity, as we have suggested, which has been coincident with exceptional dulness in other departments of the trade.

We trust, however, that the coincidence is not one which must, in its nature, be recurrent, and that our people may hereafter find the love of letters in their hearts, and the money in their purses, to buy other than law books, let the latter be ever so distinctive and able. It is very evident as the country gets older that the study of law attracts more and more of what may fairly be termed the mental aristocracy of the community. The public service having become, for reasons which we need not here dwell upon, less and less desirable for cultivated, self-respecting, yet ambitious minds, a greater proportion of the intellectual force of society finds its way into this channel than in England. To this we may in a great measure attribute the honorable circumstances that many American law books are now preferentially adopted as standards in the old country, and that frequently, as in the case of one of the books mentioned above, the American legal treatise on a new special subject is usually the first of its kind. When we remember that the bar and the legal literature of the United States, admirable as have been many of their products, must yet be considered, comparatively speaking, to be in their infancy, we are justified in forming magnificent anticipations of their future usefulness and intellectual achievements. The two great European advocates who have just passed from among their admiring contemporaries—the Englishman, Brougham, and the Frenchman, Berryer—both predicted that their profession would be carried to a loftier plane eventually in the New World than in the Old; and it is gratifying to be able to claim that there are substantial signs which promise the fulfilment of the augury.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MUSICAL.

THE musical season has set in with all its usual rigor. Practisings resound within our walls and polkas within our palaces. Concerts are so numerous that it is impossible to attend them all, "barring one was a bird, and so could be in two places at once." A new Apollo Hall has been opened, larger than the old, and recalling by its name tender reminiscences of the one place in the city where one could once hear well. The Steinway Hall has been painted and decorated in a style which we are told is that of the Renaissance, and on the understanding that everything is Renaissance which is not Gothic we are willing to let the statement pass.

We have had a week of Miss Kellogg without opera, and a week of opera without Miss Kellogg—a mournful instance of what the socialists call the "incoherence" of our present civilization.

The conservatories have given a concert each, and it is satisfactory to see that a system of giving lessons much more fair, both to teacher and pupil, than the older and more costly plan is thoroughly established.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins has given two concerts, assisted by Mr. Jerome Hopkins's Orphean classes, and performing some of Mr. Jerome Hopkins's own compositions, to the great delight of Mr. Jerome Hopkins's particular friends; and one is obliged to remind one's self that a man who does a great deal of good may be permitted to make a little fuss about it.

Mr. F. L. Ritter has given a concert, all of his own compositions, to a public continually craving for something new; but, alas! neither the favorable opinions entertained last year of the psalm which was performed at Mr. Harrison's festival nor the recollection of the fine overture to *Othello*, played at a Philharmonic concert, nor curiosity to hear a symphony sure to be new and likely to be good, could induce New Yorkers to leave home on Thanksgiving night.

National likes and dislikes are as hard to reason about as individual ones; and we might spend much time in trying to account for the favor so generally shown to Scotch poetry, Scotch stories, Scotch tartan, Scotch music, and Scotch whiskey. How comes it that such numbers of a people poor and shy and proud have managed to live in various foreign countries these three hundred years past and have never forgotten their own, and never given offence? How came those barbarians to think of those checks and stripes and combinations of color which fascinate the civilized Parisians of this day? How came they by all their lovely music? Why have not the Danes or Swedes something to compare with it? Steinway Hall was crammed on Wednesday with an audience listening to one man singing Scotch songs and telling Scotch stories. It must be acknowledged that he did it very well. Mr. Kennedy has a most beautiful tenor voice, and if he has not had the training of an artist, he sings in an

easy, manly way that is very refreshing. But it was the audience that charmed us. Many were Scotch, of course; but a full third were Americans, and the applause they bestowed on the *March of the Cameron Men* and the *True-born Englishman* was only less than that they gave to the *Star-spangled Banner*, and showed the generosity of the national character. Then we have been overwhelmed of late with groans over modern degeneracy and profligacy and love of naughty entertainments, and here were two thousand people entering into the joys and sorrows, the feelings and the cares, of humble folk in a small, remote country a century ago; listening to songs about the boat by which the children's bread was earned, and the goodman in whose absence there was no luck about the house, and finally uniting in a stentorian chorus of *Auld Lang Syne*.

Mr. Theodore Thomas's second Sunday concert was, like the first, very fully attended. Mr. Thomas deserves all our thanks for his perseverance in carrying out the only plan by which the musicians composing an orchestra can do themselves justice, namely, that they shall play constantly together and under the same conductor. Neither talent nor numbers can atone for the want of this practice, and such playing as that in Schumann's scherzo, or the horn passages in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, we rarely enjoy. Madame Gazzaniga sang the difficult air from the *Prophète* in a manner at once correct and interesting, and the performances of the two child musicians were quite wonderful.

The programmes of the Philharmonic Society and of Mr. Theodore Thomas's symphony soirées are before us, and they make up between them a selection of classical music which reflects credit on the taste of New York. Beethoven receives us with *Eroica* and dismisses us with the *Pastorale*. There is an old, old symphony of Haydn and a new one of Mendelssohn, and two parts of the one which, alas! Schubert did not live to finish. The older gods, Mozart and Gluck, and even Bach and Palestrina, appear side by side with the men who claim the future, and it is but right that Berlioz should take his place among these, for he is the man, not Wagner, with whom the school originated. But his symphony, played on Saturday night, was at times very wearisome, notwithstanding the one graceful melody which continually recurs in the first part. It is noticeable that some of the best music of the men of this school is that which is least in accord with their peculiar theories. Berlioz rarely fails to introduce one charming melody so old-fashioned in its construction that it might have been written by Cimarosa himself: witness the delightful air in the *Carnival Romaine*; and Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*, which Mr. Thomas is going to give us, is just a very clever overture in the very noisiest taste of the present day put together by a consummate master of instrumentation. It is doubtful whether it will live as long as the overture to *Tancredi*, and we think it would have been graceful in the Philharmonic to give us just one of Rossini's overtures, the hearing of which well played, as it would be under Mr. Bergmann, who knows what *piano* and *lento* mean, would be a delightful contrast with works more profound. We are surprised that objection should have been made to the slowness of the time in which Mr. Bergmann took the funeral march of the *Eroica*; for we have heard with pleasure that quite a reaction has taken place in Germany against the accelerated tempo and heightened pitch of fifteen years ago. For the rest, the concert of Saturday—the first of the Philharmonic series—was very brilliant; and it appears that never was that respectable society in a more flourishing condition. There are those, however, who consider that even prosperity may be too dearly bought, and do not wish to see the Philharmonic resort to puffings and advertisements calculated to lower its dignity. The object of a Philharmonic is not money-making. The theory of a Philharmonic is that it is an institution to which artists contribute a certain portion of their time and talents on the understanding that it advances the cause of art, by educating the public up to the standard of the artists themselves; and that the disinterested service which it thus renders adds enormously to the dignity of the profession. Individual artists may be more successful here or there, but the musical rank of a city depends upon its Philharmonic. We cannot imagine a true artist setting himself to destroy such an institution, neither should we feel much fear that he would succeed. Individual enterprises die with their founders, and often long before; but a Philharmonic is immortal, and lives for ever with the great masters whom it interprets.

IXION AT WOOD'S MUSEUM.

EVERY now and then there comes to us from the dramatic columns of the daily press a heart-rending ululation over the decline of the legitimate drama. About these lamentations there is a sameness which strongly suggests the suspicion that they are kept constantly on hand to supply a temporary dearth of news in the amusement column or an occasional laziness of the critics; while we are left in the most delightful uncertainty as to the real nature of the legitimate drama. All we know is that it is something very fine and very old and very unlike the bastard drama which has replaced it, and which invokes at such times the fiercest blasts of critical denunciation. Under a great deal of humbug and nonsense there is, perhaps, a modicum of truth in these jeremiads. Undoubtedly the modern stage is often prostituted to unbecoming uses; and our modern notion of the dramatic unities embraces too large an element of spangles and blue-fire altogether to gratify a

rigidly artistic taste. Spangles and blue-fire are we enough in their way, and their combination is often made striking and graceful enough to the eye, but somehow they do not satisfy all the finer emotions of the soul. There is a trifling descent from *Hamlet* to *Humpty Dumpty*; but is it altogether fair to find the source of this decadence in the failing taste of the theatre-going public? Is not the want of ability in the stage as much to blame as lack of appreciation in the auditorium? Give us with the old dramas the old actors—the Bettertons, the Garricks, the Keans and Kembles, the Peg Woffingtons and Siddonses, who shed on the old-time stage a lustre that not all the blaze of our colored lights has had force to dim; give us their genius to illustrate, supplement, and perfect the wit and satire and poetry of the playwrights who were proud to be their peers—give us these, and then if we are blind and deaf revile us. But without them the legitimate drama would be rather too expensive an elephant for most managers to meddle with; and we only insult their memories by attempting to replace them with the pignions that have usurped their pedestals. Better than the buskin on a shrunken limb is a suit of well-filled motley; better than Tragedy dishonored and deflowered is honest, simple-minded, smirking Burlesque. If we cannot have Shakespeare interpreted by Garrick and Siddons, let us refuse to see him maltreated at meaner hands. The time may come when other priests shall arise worthy to relight the lamps on that deserted altar. Till then let us perforce possess our souls in patience and be satisfied with *Ixion*.

And surely he must be hard to please who cannot content himself for an evening in the paradise of comely faces and shapely limbs whereto Manager Wood invites us. There is certainly variety of beauty to suit every taste; and the eye that is not dazzled by Venus's lovely face and perfect arm, may take comfort in contemplation of Mercury's sprightly grace or Ixion's dashing elegance and captivating freedom. And these are only the greater lights in a perfect galaxy of female loveliness shining

"Sicut inter ignes
Luna minores."

And Minerva—what shall we say of Minerva that will adequately express the utter and unspeakable absurdity with which Mr. Harry Becket's rendering invests that respectable Olympian? Mr. Becket is really a burlesque actor of more than ordinary merit—one of the best we have ever seen in New York, and we trust soon to see him in a part which will give more scope to his peculiar talent. It is unnecessary to speak in detail of a performance which all New York has seen, except to suggest that it will bear repetition. *Ixion* is not an eminently intellectual entertainment, but it is all that it pretends to be, which in these days of sham genius and obtrusive mediocrity is a comfort of itself.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A GEORGIAN VIEW OF STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your correspondent from Michigan, Mr. Henry Elmer, whose letter you published in *The Round Table* of November 21, seems to be somewhat disturbed in his comfortable assurance that the question of state sovereignty had been by the war permanently settled. He appears a little vexed, too, with myself and the South generally, since he finds that after all the arguments which for four years he hurled against us, from the throats of rifled guns, we still lack "clear convictions on this subject"—are not satisfied with his proofs that Georgia never was a state, and, in fact, are in some degree dubious as to whether she be not still a state. It doubtless evinces, to his mind, great perverseness on our part, not to see the truth after all his aforesaid arguments. He had hoped, he says, "for clear convictions on this subject, and a frank acceptance of the principle of the unity of the people of the United States." He here repeats, by innuendo, if not directly, the complaint, often made, of the *impotence* of the Southern people.

I would submit for his consideration these questions: Does he admit that the Southern people honestly believed, in 1861, that the states were sovereign? If he does, then, Does he think it possible to convince the mind of an error, or force its assent to a truth, by such instrumentalities as cannon shot? If not, What has occurred since 1861 to convince Southern men that they were wrong in their belief that the states were, at that time, sovereign communities? If he can suggest nothing beside the war, will he please excuse us for not having "clear convictions" that we were then wrong, and for not being very penitent for a crime of which we are not conscious? Further, Has there been any alteration in the structure of the government, touching state sovereignty, in the manner authorized by the Constitution, since 1861? If not, then, if we believed the states to be sovereign at that time, why should we not hold them still to be so, unless it be true that they have been subverted by the usurped power of the general government, and that usurpation has been confirmed by the "force of events"? And if Mr. Elmer deny the usurpation, which he does, how can he reasonably expect the "clear convictions" of which he speaks? His assertion, that the question has been settled by the war, will not avail; for the war could not legally change the structure of the government. If, then, the government has not been

altered in the constitutional way, nor yet by usurpation, nor by the war, why, Georgia is still a state; for we are well assured that she was a state in 1861.

Still we doubt. We are not so certain as your correspondent seems to be that there has been no usurpation. We are not fully satisfied that the general government has not, in the exercise of power not obtained from its charter, converted the states into provinces, and become, itself absolute ruler of the vast territory known in geography as the United States. There can be no doubt of its present *de facto* supremacy over certain conquered states, and of the acquiescence of those states in its unrestricted rule. But when it shall assume a supremacy over the state of New York, or lay its hands with violence upon the state of Michigan, even, it is possible that there will be a questioning of its said supremacy, and an inquiry of when and where and how it obtained such authority. It may be sustained in its assumption, or claim, if that term be preferred—possibly not. Under certain conditions it might deem it prudent to test its title to absolutism by a constitutional amendment, and thus remove all doubt on the subject. In short, sir, although we of the South see and feel in the government at Washington an absolute power which has stripped certain states of their robes of sovereignty, we are satisfied that such unlimited authority was not legally acquired; and it is yet too new to impress us firmly with a belief in its permanence.

Hence we propose to await, in silence, future developments. It is not the purpose of the Southern people, if one may venture to speak for all, to contest the question of state sovereignty further, either with words or weapons. They have said and done all they have to say or do on that question, and a repetition would now avail nothing. But we propose to stand aside, if our Northern friends will allow us, and leave them to determine whether the present usurpation shall be confirmed and made perpetual. We would prefer that they should settle back upon the old federal system established by the fathers—a government of compromise and consent. If, however, they decide upon consolidation and a central government with unlimited powers, then we shall, of necessity, enter the unending contest of parties and sections for the possession and control of that government. We shall not remain the ruled, if it be possible to place ourselves among the rulers.

C. N. FEATHERSTON.

ROME, GA., November 28, 1868.

THE FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: An independent seeker after truth like myself cannot but be interested in the lively discussion at present agitating a part of the theological world concerning the asserted "failure of Protestantism." Set to thinking about this subject, my inquiries have resulted in conclusions that, to myself at least, seem as correct as they are novel. A desire for the advancement of truth has tempted me to wish that I might lay before your cultivated readers a view of the position of Protestantism with reference to revelation, which I do not remember to have seen presented before.

The term Divine Revelation includes these three ideas: a miracle; a certainty of knowledge, as distinguished from the conclusions of speculation; a supreme and ultimate tribunal of appeal, like the axioms of mathematics or the fundamental truths of philosophy. Protestantism, abandoning the Catholic idea of a church and appealing simply to reason for proof of the divinity of revelation, has committed three several logical blunders.

Revelation being above and superior to reason, its evidence should be on the same high parallel; a miracle in itself, it should be sustained by a continuous chain of miracles. To appeal to reason or to the witness of past time is inconsistent. I do not deny that the first believers in Christianity were logical. On the contrary, I maintain that, so far as they received the gospel in view of its miracles (supposing, of course, that rigid scrutiny had decided them to be *real* miracles), they were strictly and accurately so. But the tradition of their belief and its grounds is nothing to us. The same *logical* necessity for miracles that existed then exists now. And Protestantism, in divorcing itself from a living connection with the past and repudiating the dogma of a church on earth, ubiquitous, eternal, and infallible, has denied that only perpetual miracle (in connection with the custom of prayer) that can give logical consistency to the claims of Christianity.

Central in an analysis of what is contained in the term revelation is found the idea of absolute certainty. "Sure as revelation" is a popular attestation of this fact. But while the question of the divinity of the Bible is to be decided by reason, the certainty of revelation can only be the certainty of probability. And though granting that at any specified time the decision of reason be in its favor, we can never be sure, especially when we consider the events of the last few years, that the lapse of time and the progress of science may not change the balance of probability from affirmative to negative. "Revelation," say its expounders, "brought life and immortality to light." But if its evidences be a subject of discursive thought, in this respect it has brought no gift to man. The inquiry into the immortality of the soul and man's destiny, questions which Socrates and Plato pondered of old, has been merely shifted from a direct to an indirect one. It is not now asked, Is the soul immortal? but, Is the Bible divine? What, then,

has been gained? The character of the arguments has been changed, but reason is still the supreme unhesitating arbiter.

The most important question connected with revelation is its own authenticity. This is to be decided by reason. What office can be higher or more final? And when we find how the apparently few and simple lines of inquiry subdivide into indefinite others, complex and difficult, we may well ask, How can we place the Bible in the position of ultimate judge, when reason stands behind it debating its right to that position? How shall reason bow to this god which its own hands have set up.

To epitomize, the discrepancies of Protestantism are as follows: Revelation, by definition, is superior and supplemental to reason; in fact, it is dependent for its authority upon reason; by definition it is sure and steadfast; in fact, it is as variable and uncertain as the tides of probability; by definition it is ultimate and supreme; in fact, it rules and decides only by sufferance and subject to appeal. In truth revelation plays very much the same part as the crown in the government of England. Rationalism is the legitimate and necessary product of the system.

Hoping, sir, that I have not transgressed the limits of prudence or patience, but that I have done something for the interest of truth,

I remain, your most obedient servant,

MCNEILL.

NEWARK, Dec. 8, 1868.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: My sympathies are entirely with the "movement" for the emancipation of woman; but in its pursuit I would have such caution as may preclude the probability of graver wrongs to woman and the race than any that oppress society under the existing régime. In the particular phase of this question involved in the suffrage a difficulty occurs to me. The fearful corruptions incident to the politics of dishonesty and ambition involve the sacrifice of honor and manhood to a degree utterly incredible were it not proven. If the women whose intellectual power is sufficiently great to acquire political influence should make as great sacrifices of honor and womanhood, what would become of society? I am not saying this in that captious and base spirit which suggested that every man and every woman has a price. Far be it from me. But history discloses such appalling depths of turpitude, reached through the presence and influence of women in political affairs, that we may well shrink before opening the floodgates of social crime. The answer may well be that emancipated women will deserve power through the exercise of intelligent virtue. The school-books endeavor to teach the same doctrine in its application to men; but experience, in a great degree, stultifies the school-books. We cannot be sure that any loftier standard will be reached in the case of woman, since the evidence of courts, of lobbies, and even of society itself, is all arrayed against it. I would be obliged to any one who would shed one ray of the light of hope on this matter. I do not ask for declamation, but for reason.

DECEMBER 1, 1868.

A READER.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

HISTORY OF HUMAN CULTURE.*

(IN TWO PARTS.)

PART I.

"THE history of the world," says Hegel, "is the progress in the consciousness of freedom." A sentence never to be forgotten, the solvent, the harmonizing word of history's labyrinthine course. A thought full of inspiration for all who yearn to shape life to universal ends—a thought to calm and comfort, to impart hope, confidence, energy, and perseverance. A conclusion, moreover, which admits of being verified, and which all that we learn of history confirms more and more. Had Hegel, in his *Philosophy of History*, contented himself with showing the universal application of this his key to the actions of humanity, his book would have been much more valuable than it is. Instead of this, he has undertaken to show that history is but the development of the historical idea (*Entwicklung der geschichtlichen Idee*), and has thereby involved himself in all sorts of irrelevancies and inconsequences. While, for example, he has arranged the ancient nations with tolerable accuracy on the principle of advancement in freedom, he has failed to show how the consciousness of freedom itself was developed. To show that China was less advanced in freedom than India, India less than Persia, and so on, is useless work, unless it can be shown how and why the

**Culturgegeschichte der Menschheit*, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung von Regierungsform, Politik, Religion, Freiheits- und Wohlfahrtsentwicklung der Völker. Eine allgemeine Weltgeschichte nach den Bedürfnissen der Jetztzeit. Von G. Friedr. Kolb, etc. Erste und zweite Lieferung. Leipzig: Verlag von Friedr. Felix. New York: L. W. Schmitt. 1868.

lower stage passed into the higher, and where the points of connection between these were. In other words, a theory of the same nature as the Darwinian one of the transmutation of species must be introduced into history to the exclusion of all mystical doctrines concerning the "creative idea," or successive creations.

Whatever may be the value of Darwin's theory as applied to botany and zoölogy, it is certainly the only one that can, with any desirable result, be applied to the history of nations. It must be shown how a savage people, whether from internal impulse or external influence, developed into a civilized and polished nation; and in order that the history of the *whole* world may have a meaning, it must be made plain that every people and tribe has contributed in some way or measure to bring about the grand result of all. If one single life is aimless, then all may be. If one people can go down and have no amount of earned progress to record in the ledger in which humanity writes its accomplished work against the great reckoning, then all is vain. If India has ascended to a point of freedom beyond China's without being influenced by China, then why mention China at all? The valuable thing is to show how India reached her higher position, by what steps and under what influences, and then to point out how and when she handed on the torch of progress into mightier hands than her own. A process of this kind can be shown to have taken place in European history. If we select any people that at present stands in the van of civilization—the Saxons, for example—we can show how, when, by what degrees, and under what influences and impulses, it passed from savagery to its present position. Tacitus and others will tell us how barbarous the Saxons were who inhabited the forests of Germany in his day; *Beowulf* will show us what the necessities of the inhospitable North and the dangers of the sea had made them before they came to replace the Romans in England; Bede and Alfred will tell us what they became under the influences of Romanized Christianity, and from Alfred's day till now we have, faithfully recorded, the history of an uninterrupted progress which in its career has absorbed and used the results of Roman, Greek, Hebrew, and other civilizations. Truly a progress in the consciousness of freedom—a freedom made up of elements borrowed, or rather inherited, from nearly all the world. If we could trace the history of all we have borrowed, the account of our civilization would be complete.

The same demands that we are justified in making on a philosophy of history, we have a right to make on a *History of Human Culture* such as the work before us purports to be. But, before we proceed to examine whether this work meets the just requirements, we will make a few remarks on the principles, plan, and purpose of it.

Mr. Kolb, its author, is pretty extensively known as the compiler of a very valuable work on comparative statistics, which, notwithstanding the unpromising nature of its subject, has reached a fifth edition in twelve years. A man who devotes special attention to such a prosy subject as statistics is not likely to err on the side of the transcendental, though he is very likely to invest his statistics with undue importance, and to draw from them unwarrantable conclusions. We are accordingly not surprised to find Mr. Kolb quoting with approbation Spinoza's famous deliverance: "Men think themselves free, only because they are conscious of their actions, but do not know the causes by which they are determined. The child thinks it craves milk with freedom; the angry boy that he desires revenge; the coward that he determines to flee; the intoxicated man that he speaks from free mental resolution. The child, the fool, the prater, and the majority of such human beings are of the same opinion, namely, that they talk from free determination, whereas they cannot put any curb upon their impulse to talk." Mr. Kolb, however, is not very dogmatic in regard to this, but even seems to agree with Quetelet, who allows a certain narrow sphere to the action of the human free will. His remarks upon the subject of free will are indeed not very lucid, and he often speaks of subjects of this nature with that looseness which is characteristic of scientific men when they try to handle philosophy. Mr. Kolb is indeed a scientific man, and a very well informed one; his work is written from the scientific empirical point of view, and by no means from the philosophic or idealistic.

The *General Considerations*, which occupy thirty-one pages of the first *Lieferung*, and contain a statement of the principles on which the whole work is based, are the least satisfactory part of the portion before us. After informing us that we can know no

more of the grand relations of the universe than a worm living on a flat could know, if it were furnished with reason, of the condition of things on the top of an iceberg or in the bottom of the ocean, the author proceeds to tell us that we can arrive at a few general and necessary conclusions, as, for example: "No simple substance once existent in the world can ever be actually annihilated; whereas, there does not exist in the world any organism that is unchangeable, or of everlasting duration." These assertions may be and most probably are true, but no amount of observations (*Wahrnehmungen*) can ever invest them with the characteristics of necessary truth. If we are willing to admit Arago's conclusion that the warmth of the earth has not diminished so much as one-tenth of a degree in the last two thousand years, we are going beyond the limits of strict science if we, nevertheless, assert that the heat of the earth must at one time have been very much greater or less than it is now. Such dealing reminds one strongly of what Schelling said long ago, when he wished: "If only those warm panegyrists of empiricism, who exalt it at the expense of science, did not, true to the idea of empiricism, try to palm off upon us as empiricism their own judgments, and what they have put into nature and imposed upon objects! for though many persons think they can talk about it, there is a great deal more belonging to it than many imagine—to eliminate purely the accomplished from nature, and to state it with the same fidelity wherewith it has been eliminated." Mr. Kolb's statements are often such as empiricism can never justify; they belong to a system of philosophy which he tacitly rejects. Fancy an empiricist allowing himself to say: "There are scattered everywhere through the whole of nature seeds and germs of species quite different from those known to us, and they await a 'joyful resurrection'—they require only a change in the cosmic or telluric relations, to enable them to develop and unfold themselves at once." "The earth, from the necessities of its nature, was compelled to produce those strange, sometimes colossal, animals which have now vanished from life, and whose remains we regard with amazement, chiefly in petrifications. In their stead arose new forms—those at present existing. Their season, also, of decay and disappearance will not fail to come, and room will be made for new organisms. The change is usually altogether imperceptible, but nevertheless it proceeds without interruption." Of all the evil results that flow from the present movement in the direction of science, the currency and authority which it lends to random and unfounded statements like these are perhaps the worst. It is easy to find fault with the Biblical cosmogony, but science will not replace it for a long time to come, and random guessing never.

A few pages on the *Antiquity of Man* agree in substance with the results arrived at by Sir Charles Lyell. Mr. Kolb, in opposition seemingly to the doctrine of Scripture, rejects the idea of the human race's descent from a single pair, and consequently Darwin's theory of the transmutation of species. His own view is based upon a comparatively small number of statistics, which go to show that certain peoples have difficulty in becoming acclimatized in certain regions of the globe. It is not necessary to say that all such conclusions, drawn from insufficient and irrelevant data, are useless and misleading. When he comes to speak of "the action of physical circumstances upon the prosperity or degeneration of men" he is a little more fortunate, though some of his first assertions are as startling as they are unfounded, e.g.: "The fine organization of his (man's) body produces the spirit." This spirit is conditioned by the body; without the latter there is no spirit." This is the avowed doctrine of the school of positive philosophers, headed at present by Littré, Vogt, Büchner, etc., not one of whom has ever written anything which can make it even probable. It is just as likely that spirit generates matter as that matter generates spirit; indeed, if we had to choose between the two possibilities we should prefer the former. It is only when Mr. Kolb comes to show the effect of poverty and wealth upon longevity that his statistics come to be really valuable, and that he is at home. As we intend shortly to give a notice of his *Manual of Comparative Statistics*, we shall defer this subject till then, merely remarking here that his results and conclusions are very instructive and useful. His views on the freedom of the will we have already referred to. His theory of the origin of religion, namely, fear, is, as far as it goes, correct, and in accordance both with facts and *a priori* likelihood. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Mr. Kolb, however, stops short with fear, takes it for a final, and at the same time for something bad, and of course looks upon religion as a thing fit

only to be rejected, as altogether a mistake and a delusion. From such a stand-point religion will always necessarily seem irrational and capricious.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.*

THIS is the work of a highly intelligent traveller, who has not only given us the result of his own observations made amid scenes endeared to him by early association and political sympathies, and a concise and literal account of the condition in which he found his native land on his return from completing his education in Europe; but he has taken pains to extract from the works of learned men, whose wanderings have preceded his, such passages as are calculated to throw light upon the past and present state of a very interesting portion of the globe. Of this favored but ill-governed land, which for natural wealth, Humboldt remarks, "may vie with all that is most wonderful on earth," we of the North have hitherto shown a truly reprehensible degree of ignorance, owing, as the author justly observes, to the fact that while Europe has sent her most intelligent and learned men to make investigations concerning the country, its geography, natural history, and resources, we have sent none but "broken-down and quarrelsome politicians," who have proved wholly incompetent to fill the positions assigned to them. Save from the works of a few foreign writers, we know but little of the grand creations which the hand of nature has so liberally lavished on these tropical regions; of the stupendous ridges and awful precipices of the Andes, the Silla de Caraccas, the great cataracts of the Orinoco, the fertile savannahs which afford pasturage to innumerable herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and droves of horses and mules, in which consist a large portion of the wealth and commerce of the country, and above all of the gold—abundant and fine in quality—the recent discoveries of which made in Venezuelan Guiana corroborate the statements, so long considered fabulous, of Sir Walter Raleigh and his adventurous companions. A very interesting and instructive account of Venezuela precedes the narrative of Don Ramon Paez, who, with a large party of friends and attendants, started from the town of Maracay for the Llanos, or Pampas, of Apure, where his father owned extensive cattle farms, and whence the party—consisting of more than a hundred individuals—started for the land of wild bulls, crocodiles, tigers, and other creatures peculiar to this region. The expedition set forth under the conduct of General Paez, acknowledged to be the "finest rider in South America," and the most accomplished Llanero in the republic. To the history of this distinguished man the author devotes but a small portion of his book; want of space, and the near relationship existing between himself and the friend and collaborer of Bolivar, cause him to condense a narrative which might have been extended with advantage. Of the bold spirits formed amid these wild regions José Antonio Paez stands foremost. A soldier by nature, who rose to power suddenly; distinguished for his martial gallantry, intrepidity, and success; daring, impetuous, and endowed with uncommon native sagacity, Paez acquired an immense ascendancy over his wild companions; his prowess rendered him the terror of his enemies and the idol of his followers. He took a command under Bolivar; performed deeds of miraculous daring; was raised by Bolivar to the rank of general-in-chief on the field of battle; became supreme chief of Venezuela; twice President of the Republic, and retired in disgust at the unruly conduct of his countrymen.

Under the direction of such an able leader the movements of our little party of travellers were skillfully managed. Passing the famous promontory known as the Morros of San Juan—of which a very good idea may be formed from one of the engravings—they entered the basin of the Llanos, and arrived at one of the cattle farms to which they were bound, in the Mesa de Paya. Here we meet the Llanero in all his native, we had almost said savage, grandeur. For these people the author claims Moorish descent; and, beside their manliness and bravery, they have certain characteristic peculiarities which would in no way discredit their Arab brethren.

"The modern centaur of the desolate regions of the New World, the Llanero, spends his life on horseback; all his actions and exertions must be assisted by his horse; for him the noblest effort of man is, when gliding swiftly over the boundless plain and bending over his spirited charger he overturns an enemy or masters a wild bull."

Their system of education is somewhat peculiar. In the first year of his life the child wears no clothes, and his toys consist of a knife about a foot long, and a *lazo* made of twine, with which he learns to catch

little birds. At four years of age he is mounted on horseback.

"When sufficiently strong to cope with a wild animal, the young Llanero is taken to the *mayada*, or great cattle-pen, and there hoisted upon the bare back of a fierce young bull. With his face turned toward the animal's tail, which he holds in lieu of a tail, and his little legs twisted around the neck of his antagonist, he is whirled round and round at a furious rate. His position, as may be imagined, is anything but equestrian; yet the fear of coming in contact with the bull's horns compels the rider to hold on until, by a dextrous twist of the animal's tail, while he jumps off its back, he succeeds in overturning his antagonist."

After crossing the pampas, indulging in fishing and hunting, engaging in a fierce encounter with blood-thirsty fishes called *caribe*, and chasing crocodiles, the travellers arrived at the Apure river, one the greatest tributaries of the Orinoco. Birds of ill-omen, vultures, noxious reptiles, and snakes are met with in the progress onward, when the adventurers are suddenly alarmed by the cry of "*El tigre*," against the advances of which they are called upon to guard themselves. Humboldt relates a singular encounter which he had with one of these animals, and mentions one, which he saw near the *Vuelta del Jovial*, surpassing in size any which he had seen in European collections. Our author relates some curious anecdotes respecting these animals, which we have not space to transcribe. A highly interesting chapter, entitled *The Wonders of the River*, affords us an account of the fish in the Orinoco river, together with the method of catching them employed by the natives, after which we come to the famed land of El Dorado, believed by Raleigh to contain gold enough to load the entire fleet of Great Britain—an opinion in which Humboldt did not coincide, but which recent research has proved to be correct. Our author gives a brief account of the expeditions made from time to time to discover this region, by many persons believed to be fabulous; and, after a short description of the harvest of turtles, their eggs, and the oil obtained from them, the interesting narrative concludes with some incidents of adventure on the homeward journey.

The majestic scenery, productive soil, and luxuriant vegetation, spread over a boundless territory intersected by magnificent rivers, afford the narrator new and interesting subjects for description, and of these he has availed himself with considerable ingenuity. The general spirit of the book is good, the manner straightforward and unaffected, and the matter curious and amusing.

THE VOICE IN SINGING.*

MADAME SEILER'S book has lain unnoticed on our table for a longer time than we quite like to remember; not because we are other than heartily pleased with the manner in which she has treated a subject which is much talked of and little understood, not because we are or can be indifferent about any branch of music, but, on the contrary, because we are so profoundly dissatisfied at the waste of time and effort in that direction going on everywhere around us, and so little confident in our own powers of advocacy to amend the matter, that we shrink from a book the reviewing of which almost necessitates our utterance of what must seem like a jeremiad. Yet when we consider that nearly every one has a voice, that most persons sing a little, that New York contains a large number of incapable, and a considerable number of most capable teachers, and that all of us are in the way of deriving a most refined pleasure from vocal music, and that that pleasure may be indefinitely heightened by a nicer discrimination and clearer comprehension of the aims and capacities of the art, it becomes a duty to call attention to a work containing the soundest views on vocal culture, together with much information not otherwise easily accessible in print. The book is intended to do for the art of singing what Miss Nightingale's *Notes* were intended to do for the art of nursing, namely, to awaken attention, to suggest thought, to point out some common mistakes, to combat some wrong tendencies, and, above all, to withdraw the subject of which it treats from the perilous grasp of "common sense," and place it under the safer guardianship of special training. It is not a manual of singing, but a treatise on singing, meant for the use of those whose duty it is to select the teachers and guide the studies of the young; and it would be well for the next generation if it were as extensively read, and if its counsels were as faithfully followed, as its learned author could desire.

In her first chapter, *On the Rise, Development, and Decline of Vocal Music*, Madame Seiler is even more pessimist than we have avowed ourselves to be, in her dissatisfaction with the thing which is, and which we call singing; she places the period when that

* *Travels and Adventures in South and Central America.* By Don Ramon Paez. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.

* *The Voice in Singing.* By Madame Emma Seiler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

art reached its highest perfection in the latter half of the last century, and says:

"Almost every European state was furnished with most excellent operas, and troops of artists, men and women, with voices of the highest cultivation, flocked thither. Even in the streets and inns and other places in Italy, where elsewhere we are accustomed to seek only music of the lowest kind, one could then hear the most artistic vocal music, such as was found in the churches, concert-rooms, and theatres of Germany and France.

"It appears that far greater demands were made upon singers then than nowadays. At least, history celebrates, together with the great vocal flexibility of the earlier singers, the measured beauty of their singing, the noble tone, the thoroughly cultivated delivery, by which they showed themselves true artists, and produced upon their hearers an effect almost miraculous.

"On the other hand, how sad is the condition of vocal music in our time! How few artistically cultivated voices there are! And the few that there are, how soon they are used up and lost! Artists like Jenny Lind, and more recently Trebelli-Bettini, are exceptions."

In her chapter on the physiology of the voice, Mme. Seiler plunges at once into the vexed question of the registers. Most persons are aware that a singer executing a series of notes, ascending or descending, sometimes alters the tone of his voice, and this change is frequently very unpleasant. It is caused by the transition from one register to another, and those voices are the finest and the best trained in which the transition is least felt. To discover what action of the vocal apparatus causes the change of register is the function of the anatomist, and to decide on what precise note of the scale the transition should take place is that of the teacher; these two functions Madame Seiler has sought to combine in her own person. She gives a short but interesting account of the researches of Manuel Garcia, who was the first to apply the then newly-invented laryngoscope to the examination of the organs of the voice *while in the act of singing*; and then, after briefly noticing the labors of Dr. Merkel, Johannes Müller, and others, she modestly narrates her own investigations. It appears that both by dissections and a long course of observations on herself and others by means of the laryngoscope she has patiently qualified herself to express an opinion. We confess at once our inability to verify Madame Seiler's account of the anatomy of the larynx and that of the adjacent parts during the act of singing, and we cannot forget that the use of the laryngoscope is comparatively new, that its students are divided among themselves, and that any teaching based merely on such strictly scientific reasonings needs to be very sure of its data, or it runs the risk of doing great mischief. We are the more inclined, however, to accept Madame Seiler's guidance on finding that her conclusions, although reached by a new road, are at one with all enlightened experience. With Manuel Garcia and the older Italian teachers, and also with Müller and the new race of laryngoscopists, she divides the voice into three registers: the lower, or chest register; the middle, or falsetto register; and the upper, or head register. The transition from the chest to the falsetto register she fixes in all voices, male and female, at, or nearly at, the same point, Fa, or Fa sharp, the first space on the G clef. The other transition, that from the falsetto (often called the throat voice) to the head register, varies somewhat in the different classes of voices. Next, Madame Seiler points out the undeniable truth that each of the two lower registers consists in all voices of two distinct series of tones, and that the transition from one series of tones to the other is often as marked as the transitions of the registers themselves. This is undoubtedly a principal source of the confusion which has hitherto reigned in this subject. Thus she finds five different actions of the vocal organs, both male and female; but it sometimes happens that in the male subject the muscles producing the head voice exist only in a rudimentary state, hence it follows, as we know, that some male voices are incapable of producing the head tones. We quote:

"In teaching the art of singing, it is nowadays very generally the custom to endeavor to raise the lower registers as far as possible toward the higher. This is especially the case with the tenor voice. That the registers may be forced up beyond their limits is possible we have seen. But observation teaches us that it cannot be done without a straining of the organs which may be both seen and felt, and no organ will bear continual over-straining. It will gradually be weakened thereby, and become at last wholly useless.

"This is a simple fact, scientifically established, universally known. It admits, therefore, of no doubt that the common custom of forcing the registers beyond their natural bounds injures voices, and seriously affects their durability. Even when the organs are so strong that they can bear the unnatural effort for a considerable length of time, they gain nothing in grace and timbre. Like everything else unnatural, it carries with it its own punishment. Our tenor singers are, for the most part, only for a few years in full possession of their voices, while the earlier singers knew how to keep their voices fine and full to their latest age."

We pause here to observe that Madame Seiler, writing mainly to teachers and students, takes no notice of the fact that it is the musical public who, having been taught by the celebrated Duprez to enjoy the thrilling sensation one experiences when a tenor

forces his voice beyond the limits nature has imposed, now demand of every tenor that, no matter how high the music be written, he shall sing only in the chest voice. Nine persons out of ten will say, "Oh! I cannot bear a tenor who uses the falsetto!" But we must learn to bear it, or worse will ensue. It is little that Signor A. or Signor B. should sing for two years in New York, or for eight in the more humanely constructed opera houses of Europe, and then lose his voice; but it is much that our young men, imitating those who, in tone, style, sweetness, and expression, are their best models, should imitate this unnatural habit, and so lose their voices too. We have dwelt so long on this point, which is one the importance of which is easily perceptible, that we must hasten past the next chapter, which is mainly occupied by a clear and ingenious account of the manner in which tone is produced and modified. Our author, of course, objects to the gradual heightening of the pitch which has been going on these hundred years past in the interest of the violins, and to the disadvantage of the voices; and she informs us that a lower tuning has already become universal in Germany.

The chapter on the aesthetics of singing is, as might be expected, the most interesting to the general reader, and Madame Seiler, while evidently feeling the enthusiasm of a true artist for the great orchestral works of her own Germany, deserves great credit for awarding the palm of vocal superiority where it is right belongs, namely, to the Italians of the last century. Out of so much that is sensible, pertinent, and fairly argued we allow ourselves one more quotation:

"Classic art sought as the only aim in its works to represent pure beauty. In the compositions of the old masters regard was had only to the sweetness of melody, and everything was excluded from them that did not fall agreeably upon the ear. But in modern music what is even unfavorable to sensuous pleasure is accepted, and we have accustomed ourselves to a more vigorous and powerful mode of representation, the aim being to excite by sudden contrasts.

"In so far as music is to represent the most secret life of the soul, and as in art everything natural, so far as it admits of being idealized and represented, is allowable, this tendency of art in music has its justification. But here, as in everything in which the principles of beauty are concerned, the true limit must not be overstepped. The old masters composed only in consonances, and Helmholtz has shown scientifically that consonances alone have an independent right to existence. Dissonances, according to Helmholtz, are permissible only as transition points for consonances, having no right of their own to be. Down to Beethoven we find dissonances correctly employed by all the old masters. And greater and nobler effects were attained than are possible to our modern musicians with their accumulation of dissonances and sudden contrasts.

"With the two composers in whom our modern classic epoch reached its zenith begins the gradual decline of the art of singing. Mozart held it necessary to his musical education to study in Italy the vocal compositions of the old masters, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of the singing voice. Hence the vocal compositions of Mozart will remain beautiful, and to be held up as models for all time, for they unite the sweetest and loveliest melody with an appreciation of sentiment the noblest and most ideal.

"The giant genius of Beethoven, inspired and artistic, found the material developed to perfection by his predecessors, and with overpowering strength forced it to yield itself to his service. His master-works of composition, in the grandeur of their style, excel everything that had been produced before him. But he has treated the human voice as a subordinate instrument.

"Because all that Beethoven produced was grand and beautiful, he has been blindly imitated, and it has been wholly forgotten that music has in all times drawn its best nourishment from song, and only by means of song has it risen to its high estate, and that instruments can never reach what is possible to a thoroughly educated human voice."

In conclusion, we would urge everybody who has a couple of leisure hours to read attentively this small book, which is done into most excellent English. Music is becoming so much a part of our daily life, and the tortures which bad music inflicts are so hard to escape from, that it is the part of wisdom to qualify one's self to contribute something to a better knowledge of its conditions and possibilities. Reasoning *a priori*, one would suppose that a pretty voice might be as common as pretty eyes; and yet if one took the first girl one met on a fine day in any street in New York, the chances are that her eyes would be beautiful and that she would scream like a peacock. Standing outside of any of our public schools about eleven in the forenoon, one's ears are saluted by a dreadful bray—the children are singing; and though the moral effect of such subjection to rhythm is doubtless excellent, it is equally certain that ears are there being vitiated and voices destroyed. The same thing goes on more or less in our private schools, and as the custom is spreading it is time people became aware how delicate a thing is the human voice, how long and patiently its training should be continued, and how much its cultivated use would contribute to our health, cheerfulness, and elevation of mind.

LIBRARY TABLE.

PASSAGES FROM THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.—We find here a number of literary relics, of infinite variety, many of which are valuable for their intrinsic merit, and others from the pleasing recollections and associations with

which they are combined. The character of the lamented author is too well known to require present eulogy; his high literary reputation, unblemished public life, and private virtues are patent to the world. Through these notes we are admitted, unreservedly, into his confidence, and we are well pleased at being, as it were, called into familiarity with a powerful and original mind, and in a manner invited to share its thoughts and scrutinize the sources of its work. A mind like that of Hawthorne, apparently indifferent to the usual enjoyments of life, which cared not to share in its ordinary pursuits, has a ready road to the respectful interest of the mass of mankind. Through his notes we become the confidants of his intellectual phantasies. Some of the rough sketches from which future characters in fiction were to be worked up are strikingly original. Such, for instance, as the following:

"A Thanksgiving dinner. All the miserable on earth are to be invited—as the drunkard, the bereaved parent, the ruined merchant, the broken-hearted lover, the poor widow, the old man and woman who have outlived their generation, the disappointed author, the wounded, sick, and broken soldier, the diseased, the infidel, the man with an evil conscience, little orphan children, or children of neglectful parents, shall be admitted to the table, and many others. The giver of the feast goes out to deliver his invitations. Some of the guests he meets in the streets, some he knocks for at the doors of their houses. The description must be rapid. But who must be the giver of the feast, and what is his claim to preside? A man who has never found out what he is fit for, who has unsettled aims or objects in life, and whose mind gnaws him, making him the sufferer of many kinds of misery. He should meet some pious, old, sorrowful person, without more outward calamities than any other, and invite him, with a reflection that piety would make all that miserable company truly thankful."

The matter is sometimes as interesting—even amusing—as any reader of fiction could desire, and of such a desultory kind that comment might easily be made as extensive as the text. The ensuing is almost grotesque:

"Some man of powerful character to command a person, morally subjected to him, to perform some act. The commanding person suddenly to die; and, for all the rest of his life, the subjected one continues to perform the act."

In his writings Hawthorne occasionally betrays a degree of morbid sensibility which—though not uncommon among authors—is yet no argument against the profession of letters, and in the present case seems to have been more the result of temperament than of intellectual pursuits. But if his acute sensibilities rendered him more vulnerable to the common accidents of life, his gentle philosophy enabled him to find content and even cheerfulness in simple occupations—even in milking the cows which his friend Mr. Ripley feared to confide to his care at Brook Farm. Alone with nature he was entirely happy. The succeeding brief extract from his principal journal gives a touching picture of the author's intellectual life:

Salem, October 4, Union Street (Family Mansion).—Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. Here I have written many tales—many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all—at least till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy—at least as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By-and-by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth—not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice—and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude, till now. . . ."

That this collection of notes, diaries, and letters—which those who live to mourn the author feel an honest pride in showing to the world—were, in some instances, not intended for publication, is distinctly evident; but the fame of Hawthorne will not suffer by an exposition of these unrevised fragments, many of which display that simple and natural eloquence which springs from a powerful and original mind united to a tender and affectionate heart.

Planchette's Diary. Edited by Kate Field. New York: J. S. Redfield.—Mr. Kirby is said to have sold over two hundred thousand planchettes, at a profit of 50 cents each. It need not surprise us that Mr. Kirby thinks well of planchette. Now what does so knowing a young lady as Miss Field think of it? In this neat little volume she tells her own experiences, and as a conclusion of the whole admits that she has no theory, is perplexed; and finally, "from the sensations undergone while using planchette, I am inclined to believe myself under the influence of a wonderfully subtle magnetic fluid." To find a name to call a thing by seems to satisfy most minds, but a name is nothing—"Electricity," "magnetism," "odc force," "vital current," and so on and on, and we are as much in the dark as ever about planchette, table-movings, hysteria, spiritualism, demonism, witchcraft, possession of devils, etc. Are these anything at all but "derangement" of the normal forces of human nature, or a strange and unhealthy action? or are they in some subtle way the action of spiritual forces *outside* of ourselves? Science has not yet settled the question, and we commend it to the attention of our new school of positivists.

It is clear that Miss Field believes herself to have been acted upon by something other than her own mind or will; and some—a very few—of the examples she relates seem to indicate it. On the other hand, nearly all that she, as well as other planchettists and spiritualists tell, is only what they or some persons about them already knew.

When the spiritualists have been put to anything like scientific tests they have, so far as we know, always failed. For years a £100 Bank of England note was at their disposal in a safe, if they would but tell the number. They never got the money; and yet spiritualists seem to want money like the rest of mankind. As to the bit of board called planchette, that seems to be merely a piece of board, not acted upon by electricity at all; for a piece of glass answers as well as the board, and glass is a non-conductor; we may conclude, therefore, that it is acted upon by insensible muscular power. Miss Field admits that she wrote as well with the pencil placed in her left hand as with the planchette. She tells us, also, that a child and other friends did the same. She tells us, too, that the child's planchette spelt badly, as a child should. She is frank and truthful, and does not attempt to make a good story, as most do. Let us thank her for that. And yet we, looking on with non-speculative eyes, can see naught in her story which does not smack very strongly of herself.

Is she, then, self-deluded, and is it all a humbug? The board planchette is a delusion; but there yet remains the unexplained mystery which shows itself in Miss Field's convulsed arm, in the strange doings of the animal magnetists, in the astounding cases of hysteria with which every physician is familiar, and in all the strange things from the days of the priestesses at Delphi down to planchette itself. But the board, or the pencil, or the tripod, or the bit of copper in the hand, or the drop of ink, or the black glass, any and all of these seem to be necessary to develop or bring out the strange spiritual power. Man needs the sensuous touch or the mind seems to lie asleep. Prayers cannot be thought, they must be spoken; music must be sung, the loved one must be kissed, the child must be fondled, in order that the sentiment behind the act shall be thoroughly evolved in the soul. It seems true that should a man live for ever without speech or writing or expression, mind and soul might lie for ever undeveloped like the oak in the acorn.

This, then, may seem to explain the agency of the bit of board called planchette, and we think Miss Field and all our friends will express their obligation for our very brief but lucid explanation.

Too True: A Story of To-day. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.—*Too True* is a story of domestic life which, by a little more patience on the author's part, might have been wrought into a really good novel. The plot is very simple, but the characters are sketches that deserve to have been something more. A quiet family living up the Hudson River take to their hearts a German of distinguished manners and extreme poverty, who soon makes love to their eldest daughter, to whom he becomes engaged. By-and-by he breaks his engagement, or rather compels her to do so, in order that he may marry her sister, who inherits a legacy. There is a straightforward simplicity about such a line of action which prevents any great elaboration of the plot; but there are complications, some of which are shadowed forth in a dramatic little narrative related by the hero early in the book. The second daughter, for whom Louis Dassel forsakes his fiancée, is a character of some originality. She is deformed, and naturally of a good disposition, but has been spoiled by the petting bestowed on her by the whole household. On the first temptation she betrays that selfishness which has been unconsciously fostered. She gives herself up to love for the man who she knows has her sister's heart, accepts his offered love, and silences her conscience by measuring the strength of her feelings by her abandonment to them, and asserting, with the arrogance of extreme youth, that her sister never loved as she did. More pains appears to have been bestowed on Louis Dassel than upon any other character, and he is the least satisfactory. He is probably a creation, while the rest are portraits. He appears to us unreal; at best but a faint repetition of the Count Fosco style of rascal, while many of the minor personages are strikingly life-like. The Bellows family present a very pretty picture of humble life, and their kind friend, Miss Bayles, is a nice sketch of a steadfast young American woman. The Grizzle family form rather more than a sketch, so much more that it is a matter for regret that they have not been further worked up. Mr. Grizzle made his fortune by contracts in pork, and Mrs. Grizzle struggles to bring the family to a point of refinement consistent with their wealth. She is kindly and not without shrewdness, as may be seen by her remarks on Pre-Raphaelitism:

"The Per-Raffetele style, as nigh as I can make it out, is to paint things just as they be. I heard one artist to the Academy say he'd spent three days painting a brick-bat, and was not satisfied with it yet. There was a beautiful hod half full of mortar, by the same gentleman; I declare, if I'd been an Irishman, I should a picked it up."

Mrs. Grizzle also experiences regrets for her old status, which she confides to her son:

"I know I had n't oughter, Sam; but it's hard to teach old dogs new tricks. I sometimes think, when we set down to our grand dinners with all them waiters watchin' every motion, that I'd fling them all into the fire for the privilege of settin' down at our old table with its brown cloth, and stickin' my own fork into the pickles."

There is some satire in the book, well deserved and well expressed, but the author is often more anxious to say a good thing than careful to avoid an inelegant one, and a great deal that is meant to be funny is only coarse. It is a pity that with so much talent there should not be a greater result, and with so much evidence of taste and culture there should not be a more careful avoidance of provincialisms on the part of the characters, who use

such expressions as to "feel like" doing thus or so, or to go or come "Monday."

Pattie Durant: A Tale of 1662. By Cyclo. New York: Virtue & Yorston. 1867.—Pattie Durant, one of the most charming little heroines ever drawn in miniature, belonged to a family of Nonconformists; and in her eighteenth year she was sent from London into the country to reside with an uncle and aunt who dwelt in the midst of dissenters, the uncle being one of their ministers. The story opens at the period when the Act of Uniformity, originally introduced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—and especially levelled against the Puritans—was restored by Charles II., with many further and more strict conditions bearing heavily upon the Nonconformists. The history of the church at this period presents a melancholy picture of discord, bigotry, and intolerance; and on the quiet and well-governed little household of Glentworth the religious persecutions fell with extreme severity. The new act required that all clergymen should subscribe to the Book of Common Prayer, or that they should be compelled to relinquish their charges; and accordingly on the day of Saint Bartholomew, in the year 1662, all who did not conform were ejected from their benefices; and many—Pattie's uncle among the number, who continued to preach wherever opportunity served—were imprisoned and subjected to cruel and rigorous treatment. Pattie's diary is written in a pure and simple manner, and the attractive quaintness which characterizes the literature of the period is well sustained. One scene in particular between Pattie and her aunt—a hard, un pitying woman until sorrow touches her heart—is most touchingly rendered. Pattie's life is truly "profitable for instruction and example," and may be read with advantage by all young people.

Life Among the Apaches. By John C. Cremony. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1868.—A benevolent design to urge upon public attention the claims of the Indians; to aid as far as possible in redressing their wrongs; to furnish a more complete exposition of their character and condition; and, we may perhaps add, a pardonable desire to publish an account of daring adventures in which he has acted a conspicuous part, has led Mr. Cremony, formerly a member of the press in San Francisco, to put forth a lively sketch of life among the Apaches. There can be no doubt about the injustice and wrong which the Indian has suffered at the hands of the white man. We have taken advantage of his ignorance, abused his simplicity by overreaching and oppression, driven him to resistance in self-defence, and justified our aggressions by the recital of cruelties for which our own conduct has furnished occasion. Mr. Cremony has seen all this, and without assuming any air of false sympathy for the red man, whose virtues and vices he treats with equal candor, he endeavors to correct erroneous opinions concerning him, and, if possible, "to better our present deplorable Indian policy." The desire is laudable, and his mode of procedure interesting and instructive. Some of the adventures related by Mr. Cremony are very startling, but he vouches for their truth.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- DICK & FITZGERALD, New York.—Barton's Comic Recitations and Humorous Dialogues. Edited by James Barton. Pp. 180. Amateur Theatricals and Fairy Tale Dramas. By Miss S. A. Frost. Pp. 180.
E. P. DUTTON & Co., Boston and New York.—Grandmother's Curiosity-Cabinet. From the German of Mary Osten. Translated by Anna B. Cooke. Pp. 255. 1869.
Redesdale. By Miss Lee. Pp. 147. 1869.
Uncle Rod's Pet. Pp. 125. 1869.
GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston.—Hall's Alphabet of Geology. By S. R. Hall, LL.D. With illustrations. Pp. xiv, 196. 1868.
W. A. TOWNSEND & ADAMS, New York.—Woman's Complete Guide to Health. By M. E. Dix, M.D. Pp. xx, 342. 1869.
C. SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—Constance Aylmer: A Story of the Seventeenth Century. By H. F. P. Pp. 347. 1869.
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, New York.—Christ in Song: Hymns of Immanuel. Selected by Philip Schaff, D.D. Pp. xxiv, 711. 1869.
M. W. DODD, New York.—Geneva's Shield: A Story of the Reformation. Pp. x, 523.
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAPPELFINGER, Philadelphia.—The Diseases of Sheep, with an Essay on Cattle Epidemics. By Henry Clok, V.S. Pp. 146. 1868.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Little Lou's Sayings and Doings. With eight illustrations by W. L. Stone. Pp. 287. 1868.
P. S. WINSLOW & Son, New York.—Notes of the Christian Life: A Selection of Sermons Preached by Henry Robert Reynolds, B.A., with a preface by Rev. Elbert S. Porter, D.D. Pp. x, 411. 1868.
Particular Providence. Illustrated by a Course of Lectures on the History of Joseph, by William R. Gordon, S.T.D. Pp. vi, 492. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

- HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—The Modern System of Painting in Water-Colors from the Living Model. By Mrs. Elizabeth Murray. Pp. 22. 1868.
We have received The Erie Railroad Row, Considered as an Episode in Court. By Charles F. Adams. L. W. Schmidt's Medical Catalogue; L. W. Schmidt's Monthly Circular of New Publications; A Catalogue of Works in Refutation of Methodism; Report of Ohio Common Schools; Report of the Fine Arts of the Paris Exposition, by Frank Leslie.
We have also received current numbers of The London Quarterly Review (reprint), The Medical Journal—New York; Once a Month—Philadelphia; Merry's Museum—Boston; The Month—Baltimore; Good Words, Good Words for the Young, The London Quarterly—London; Revue Bibliographique Universelle—Paris; The Congregational Review; The Williams Quarterly.

TABLE-TALK.

A PETITION is in circulation addressed to Congress by the "Tax-payers and Producers" of the country, and which mainly refers to the passage of Mr. Jenckes's civil service bill. We have done what we could to render the objects of this bill intelligible and to commend it to the approbation of the people; and our efforts have been so far appreciated at Washington that the whole series of our articles

on the subject has been copied in the government report, a single article being all that has been quoted, in any instance, from any other paper. This fact is mentioned not alone because we have a right to take honest pride in it, but because it implies an acquaintance with the details of the subject such as will give force with intelligent people to our recommendation of the bill. We trust the petition will be signed by hundreds of thousands, and urge all patriotic citizens to make personal efforts to see that it is so signed.

MADAME PAREFA-ROSA—we are pleased by her note to observe that the lady's Christian name happens, very felicitously, to be Euphrosyne—has written very earnestly, if not very grammatically, to a Chicago newspaper, in deprecation of the conduct of some local magnate who has been celebrating himself by the original and effective device of making an onslaught generally on the stage, and particularly on the ladies thereof. Madame Rosa writes with great vigor, and tells how virtuous all the actresses of her acquaintance are, and how she has known, among others, Mme. Schumann, Miss Phillips, Mme. Sherrington, Miss Kellogg, Miss Hauck, Mme. Viardot Garcia, Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Edward Seguin, Mme. Medori, Persiani, Sontag, Mme. Miolan Carvalho, Miss Nilsson, Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Mme. De Giuli, Mme. Harriet Wippers, Mrs. Berard Richings, Miss Bateman, Miss Henriques, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Clara Novello, etc., all of whose reputations are, as Madame Rosa says, very well known. We imagine that people at the present time, except in provincial localities, are pretty generally valued for their own intrinsic qualities, without much regard to their calling; and we also imagine that if a greater number of Madame Rosa's professional sisterhood were as irreproachable in private life as most of those she has mentioned, there would not be so frequent a necessity as there now is for chivalrous people to come forward with tongue and pen in defence of the theatrical profession.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great precautions said to have been made to prevent copies from being surreptitiously obtained and published—as was the case last year—the Boston Herald printed on Monday, the 6th inst., the general heads, and some of the details, of the President's message. These, already given and largely discussed by the daily press, include the general statements that the Southern States remain prostrated, and their constitutional privileges withheld by congressional action; that the report of the Secretary of the Treasury is wise and trustworthy, and that the national banks should have their powers restricted; that our foreign affairs are in a favorable condition, although the Alabama business is not quite settled; that there are enormous frauds on the revenue which must be corrected, or the nation will be involved in ruin; and finally, the withdrawal of troops from the Southern States is strongly recommended, together with a general reduction of the army.

GENERAL GRANT's Cabinet that is to be is now set down, by people who think themselves knowing ones, as follows: Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State; John Sherman, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury; James Hughes, of Indiana, Secretary of War; Admiral Porter, Secretary of the Navy; Horace Greeley, of New York, Postmaster-General; James Wilson, of Iowa, Attorney-General; Edwin M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania, Minister to England; E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, Minister to France; General John A. Rawlins, of Illinois, Minister to Spain; Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, Minister to Russia; J. Lothrop Motley, of Massachusetts, Minister to Austria; George Bancroft, of New York, Minister to Prussia.

We have received a Circular addressed to the graduates of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and signed by Professors Drowne, Warren, Hall, and others, proposing to establish an Association of Graduates, for the improvement of that admirable school of engineering and natural science itself, as well as for other desirable objects. We sympathize cordially in the project and shall be pleased to do all in our power to aid in carrying it out.

ATTENTION was drawn on the second of December by *The Springfield Republican* to the coincident anniversary on that date of two now historical events—the coup d'état of Louis Napoleon, in 1851, and the execution of John Brown, in 1859. The article of *The Republican* closes with some ringing words:

"Our second of December has long been avenged, our country is free, and our freedom is expanding. But France has still to avenge the blot on her escutcheon that Louis Bonaparte left there seventeen years ago. The coming year is auspicious for liberty—may it be fatal to tyrants. May the next anniversary of this day see France again a republic, and the third Napoleon again an exile."

If all that we now hear be true, the exile of the Emperor is likely in the time named to be of a graver and more permanent character than is here foreshadowed. He is not yet gone, but is perilously near that account to which that great predecessor has preceded him whose dust reposes beneath the dome of the Invalides.

ANOTHER shocking and inexcusable steamboat accident has occurred on the Ohio River, involving a collision and the loss of many lives. Nothing will ever check these horrors until a general law is passed governing all routes of travel, and providing by stringent regulations for increased safety by boat and rail.

QUITE a neat little magazine is the new *Once a Month*, the first number of which has just been published by Messrs. T. S. Arthur & Sons. Four very pretty young ladies, labelled respectively Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, smile at us from the green cover—evidently being used to smile from greenbacks—and eleven well selected and three cleverly written original articles grace the inside. The new magazine is cheap and attractive.

WE learn that a volume of essays on topics connected with the Church is to be published in a few months. We are informed that the writers are to be men of mark, including one or two bishops, such names as Hopkins, Mahan, Young, Dix, and Doane being of the number. The volume is to be edited by Rev. John Fulton, D.D., now of Columbus, Ga.

MESSRS. FABRONIUS, GURNEY & SON have just published a chromo-lithograph of Miss E. Osborn's "God's Acre." This little picture is in some respects the best specimen of the art that we have seen. The idea and sentiment of the painting, taken from Longfellow's melancholy poem, are reproduced with remarkable fidelity, and it is hard to conceive of anything which should be more like a picture in oils and yet not be one. It is altogether a very sweet and tender production, and well calculated to disarm the prejudices of those to whom chromo-lithography is distasteful. We do not so much admire the "Autumn Fruits," after Mr. Brown, although we have no doubt that, mechanically speaking, it is equally good. Such pictures produce with ourselves an emotion something like that which we may suppose evoked our wandering countryman's disapproval of "stone gals"—i. e., the Medicean Venus, and such. The more Pre-Raphaelite, and so the more inviting, such designs to us, the more tantalizing must they needs be.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT will publish, December 12, an answer to Mr. Parton, called *Tobacco and Alcohol: an Antidote*, by Mr. John Fiske. The publishers say that the volume contains the latest conclusions of science, stated in plain language by a scientific man; and that it pretty effectually disposes of the fallacious arguments in Mr. Parton's *Smoking and Drinking*.

MR. FREDERICK WHYMPER—who has accepted some editorial position on *The Alta-Californian*, and by way of preparation has been making a tour of the French and German wine regions—has just published in London a book of travels, in which the lion's share is given to Alaska. Mr. Whympfer is of those who think Mr. Seward's purchase a wise and economical one, and that we get a remarkable quantity of good things at the rate of \$18 the square mile; and he likewise is of the opinion that this is but the first step toward our acquisition of the North American possessions of England, his own country—an event which he thinks likely to inure to the mutual advantage of the two countries. At the same time, though amused, he does not appear to be in the least enamored of our—and, by adoption, we suppose, his own—new man and brother of Walrusia.

A NEW Quarterly Review is announced, of a religious character, to be called *The Christian Quarterly*. It is to be published by Messrs. R. W. Carroll & Co., of Cincinnati, and gives much promise of future excellence.

MR. DEAN, son of the late Prof. Amos Dean, LL.D., of Albany, is engaged, we learn, in the arduous task of publishing an extensive work of his father's, which will comprise seven volumes in all, and embrace a General History of Civilization.

MR. T. LEE, who is engaged upon a history of the state and city of New York, and whose address is at the Westminster Hotel, desires to place himself in communication with persons who may have any papers relative to his subject not obtainable from public sources, or other information of an exclusive character bearing upon the same. Mr. Lee wishes to produce a history which shall be, so far as he can make it such, complete from the earliest times, and which, in its thoroughness of authoritative detail, shall thus constitute a standard book of reference.

It can no longer be doubted that the reports of Louis Napoleon's state of health, which have leaked out from time to time in spite of all precautions, are but too well founded to justify the gravest fears. A power before which even the mightiest must bow has evidently laid its hand upon him, and he who has braved so many dangers now trembles in that awful presence. The Emperor is clearly no longer the same man. His strength and vigor are rapidly departing. While reported at work in his study, he is often prostrated by acute physical pain, and when he appears in public, either to allay apprehension or to disappoint the hopes of his foes, it is only with the greatest difficulty that he manages to bear up. All that medical science can accomplish is, of course, being done; but there are ills which no medical skill can reach, and France is becoming more and more familiarized with the idea that the Emperor's death is not distant. The feelings with which he must think of the consequences of such an event at this time may be imagined. Knowing himself mortal, it is not likely that he should have neglected to provide against the contingency, and it is said that all arrangements have been made for it. His son not being of age, Eugénie will be regent during the minority, and for this purpose he has surrounded her

with men whose interests are so identified with those of the Napoleonic dynasty that they may apparently be fully depended upon. But arrangements of this kind are never safe, and unforeseen circumstances will often defeat the best calculations. None knows better than Louis Napoleon himself how difficult it is to hold the reins of government over a people like the French, and how little real assistance those have been to himself who are to supply his place hereafter. The thought that, should he die now, there is little hope for his dynasty, must indeed be insupportable. He is therefore doubly anxious to live until his heir has attained to majority. It is the succession which engrosses all his attention. He desires that his sceptre should descend to his child and his grandchildren, but understands only too well that a woman's hand will not be able to transmit it. But though it may be somewhat premature to indulge in speculations about the consequences of Louis Napoleon's death, his bodily and mental decay explains many of those glaring inconsistencies which have marked his conduct during the past few years, and more especially his foreign policy. When feeling comparatively well he raised his pretensions; growing worse, he wanted nothing but peace. A man so situated would naturally often be in a condition which leads him to avoid all that is calculated to excite or fatigue, and therefore to let the world rather take its course than shorten his life by opposition.

SPEAKING elsewhere of the boxes of Bibles which Exeter Hall is exporting to Spain, reminds us of a kindred subject. England, it is well known, has long been the classic land of missionary enterprise; and, though the motive is, no doubt, a laudable one, our cousins are nevertheless often compelled to confess that the results achieved do not always correspond with the means employed. Indeed, as these things are managed, it happens at times that the spiritual gains of the converts are less substantial than the worldly gains of the missionaries. Wherever the latter come in contact with some ancient faith and superstitions their success is comparatively trifling, especially in British India. The Hindoos call their Christianized countrymen, in derision, "Government Christians," or, "Rice Christians," thus insinuating that they had only been led by ulterior advantages to change their religion. Still less promising seems the condition of the Jewish mission, whose abortive labors and inefficiency *The Saturday Review* some time ago took off in an exquisitely humorous article, with the Horatian motto, "Credat Judæus Apella." This "British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews" employs a staff of twenty-six missionaries, nearly all of whom are converted Jews—probably in accordance with Heine's injunction, "that wild hawks should only be hunted with tame ones!" This staff costs £5,395 rs. 4d. annually, so that each missionary has a salary of something over £200 per year. Two secretaries, with clerks, cost £775, and the expenses of rent, travel, printing, postage, etc., about £1,000 more. The Bibles and Testaments gratuitously distributed cost, however, no more than from £8 to £9 a year; that is, 600 times less than the missionaries, who are divided as follows: six at London, one at Paris, three at Constantinople; but none at Amsterdam, Frankfort, Prague, or any other places where Jews "most do congregate." It has been estimated that every Jewish soul gained over to salvation costs the society from £200 to £300; even every Jewish boy who accepts a tract comes to £4. No wonder Dickens gave us his *Borrioboolagh*. While so much money is wasted in not converting the Jews Englishmen starve within the sound of Bow Bells.

ENGLISH importations of American books, unlike English importations of American gold, bear but a very slender ratio to the books that come from England to the United States. By returns just completed of the exports and imports we find, according to Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston's *Monthly Bulletin*, that the whole value of American books imported into England during last year (1867) was £7,522, or nearly £3,000 in the year less than the amount of books imported from Holland! while the amount exported of English books to the United States during 1867 was £160,311, being rather better than one-fourth of the whole value of the books exported to all parts of the world during the year. The next largest market for English books is Australia, £113,816; Egypt, for some exceptional reason during the year, figures next in the list, £65,127; British North America received £52,673; British India, £43,639; France, £43,535; Italy, £21,819; and Southern Africa, £20,865. Messrs. Low & Co. pay this country the following appropriate compliment, and tack to it an appropriate promise:

"No country in the world produces so many books of which whole editions are adapted to England as America. Especially is this the case in what may be termed the industrial and educational sciences, requiring, moreover, no translation for our use, and very little phraseological adaptation. American translations of valuable foreign works also are far in advance of us. American enterprise and industry are ever on the alert to seize the best ideas of foreign writers, and often before we see the original foreign books we have offered to us by American houses first-rate editions, in our own language, of the best French and German writers on chemistry, metallurgy, civil and mechanical engineering, fibrous and textile manufactures, architecture and ornamental designing, etc. It will be our aim to bring these regularly before the public, and facilitate in every way the sale of original American copies, rather than unnecessarily reprint them for this market."

MR. DICKENS seems to be importing that strong taste for the sensational which has marked some of his later writings into his public readings. *The London Times* and other English papers speak rather doubtfully of the effect

of such episodes as that of the murder of Nancy by Bill Sikes, and speak of it as a "bold experiment." Mr. Dickens has intense dramatic appreciation, and of course no end of pathos and imagination; but his bronchial trouble, producing, is it too irreverent to say, a "gin and fog effect," fits him, perhaps, better for the representation of the grotesque and horrible than for that of the tender and fanciful. In this respect he reminds us strongly of the late unfortunate G. V. Brooke—a man of genius who, in his later years, was constantly struggling with exactly the same kind of vocal difficulty.

OUR newspapers have anticipated, in lengthy obituaries, the Continental and English comments on the death of the lamented and eminent French advocate, Berryer. He was born in 1790, was first conspicuous as an ardent legitimist, was one of the defenders of Ney, pleaded for Lamennais in 1833, and for Louis Napoleon in 1840. He was always faithful to the Bourbon cause, although since the *coup d'état* he took no part in politics. In 1855, as a member of the Academy, he made a speech obnoxious to the government, which first ordered its suppression and then removed the interdict. The latest exhibitions of his great talents were in 1858, when he defended Montalembert, and in 1860-61 in the case of Patterson vs. Bonaparte. Our readers will remember the splendid banquet given to Berryer in London, in 1864—perhaps the finest occasion of the sort that ever occurred—when Brougham presided, and over four hundred distinguished guests sat down to table.

LIKE Napoleon, Count Bismarck is said to be in bad health, and the report has excited much speculation in England. *The Daily Telegraph*, alluding to the loss which the North German Confederation would sustain by the death of its founder, quotes the well-known verse of Ennius on Fabius Maximus: "Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem," but adds that Bismarck had accomplished his great deeds by daring, not by delay. Why, then, this citation if the very reverse is true? Recalling Sadowa, another verse from the same author's *Annales* would certainly have been more appropriate, namely: "At tuba terribili sonitu tarantara dixit."

THE French journals state that the celebrated Padre Claret, Isabella's confessor, intends to write a book with a view of disabusing the public mind about certain rumors connected with himself and Sister Patrocinio. We trust the holy man may be successful; but if he be as well read in heathen literature as in the Fathers of the Church, he will take a lesson from Ovid, who, like him, was compelled to live in banishment: "Causa patrocini non bona peior erit."

MR. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet, according to the latest account, is to be composed as follows: Lord High Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood; President of the Privy Council, Lord Kimberley; Lord Privy Seal, Earl Russell; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Robert Lowe; First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Childers; Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon; Home Secretary, Henry A. Bruce; Secretary of War, Mr. Cardwell; Secretary for India, Duke of Argyll; Colonial Secretary, Earl Granville; Secretary for Ireland, Chichester Fortescue; President of the Poor Law Board, Mr. Goschen; President of the Board of Trade, John Bright; Postmaster-General, De Grey; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Charles P. Villiers; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Spencer; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, O'Hagan.

LECTURES having now fairly commenced for the season, there is one feature which we might very well borrow from the course of the Royal Institution of Great Britain,—a series of six lectures by Professor Odling, delivered in the afternoon, and "adapted to a juvenile auditory." The entire course, as announced, promises to be very attractive. The lectures of the various series number in the aggregate sixty-three; while among the lecturers there are Professors Tyndall and Seeley, Rev. F. W. Farrar, Emanuel Deutsch (on *Semitic Culture*), Professor A. Herschel, Mr. Ruskin, and others scarcely less well known.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON recently instituted the new degree of D. Lit.—Doctor of Literature. The requirements of candidates for the degree, which are now announced, are also suggestive. The two examinations must be a year apart: the first—which, of itself, gives the M.A.—includes the Latin and Greek classics, prose composition in Greek, Latin, and English, and the history of the world to the end of the last century; the second is upon the English language, its literature and history, French or German language and literature, and one of these—Anglo-Saxon with Icelandic, Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew with Syriac.

THE result of the English elections naturally produces great rejoicings among the liberals on the other side and among the radicals—not liberals—the chief sympathizers with the Gladstone-Bright party on this. Mr. Disraeli's resignation came rather sooner than was expected, but we doubt whether he will long remain out of office.

A HIGHLY interesting discovery has just been made in the small town of Idalion in the Island of Cyprus. A man laboring in the fields came upon what has proved to be the cemetery of an ancient town, even the memory of which is said to have faded away. The consul of the United States caused some excavations to be made, which have brought to

light several tombs in perfect preservation, from which have been extracted a large quantity of precious stones, jewels, coins, and vessels in gold and silver. At a further depth of six or seven feet other burying places have been found bearing Phœnician inscriptions. A private letter from Palermo tells us that further excavations are to be made and that hopes are entertained of still more satisfactory results.

A NEW weekly in the English tongue has just been established in Florence by the Messrs. Fairman, English and American bankers, who have issued the following prospectus:

"No such publication existing in our city, and the want of a properly managed English newspaper being strongly felt in this country, we have decided upon establishing and publishing regularly, weekly, *The Anglo-Italian Gazette*: an Anglo-American newspaper, published weekly in Florence, Italy. The first number will appear in November next. The title fully explains its object. The circulation will be firstly among the English and American residents in this country, then among those travelling in Italy and on the Continent generally. The principal bankers and hotels of Europe, America, etc., will receive a copy. We anticipate that the circulation will be very extensive, for the travelling public is numerous, and their friends at home are always desirous to follow their movements in print. It will contain the arrival and addresses of English and American, etc., travellers in the principal cities of Italy and the Continent. The latest telegrams and news of interest will be reported, and nothing will be left aside that will make *The Gazette* acceptable and readable. Its circulation being extensive not only in Italy, but also abroad, it will naturally be a most valuable channel for advertisements of all kinds and from all parts. The size of *The Gazette* will be that of the largest daily papers."

"FLORENCE, Italy, October 30, 1868."

LORD SHAFTESBURY (the Protestant Pope), president of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has written a letter of thanks to General Prim for the liberty of conscience recently proclaimed by him in Spain. Already large boxes full of Bibles are reported on their way to the Pyrenean peninsula, and they will soon be sold in the streets of all the large cities.

MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS have paid Victor Hugo £1,000 for the right to publish a translation of his forthcoming work, *By the King's Order*. The story will begin in the January number of *Once a Week*. With regard to the translation, says *The London Review*, *The Bookseller* makes a capital suggestion, to the effect that Victor Hugo's consent should be obtained to the omission of such passages as are unsuitable for a weekly magazine. The rambling essays which Victor Hugo loves to introduce into his most dramatic stories would very likely bore the readers of *Once a Week*; deprived of these, the new tale would probably be as great a success as the stirring story of *Foul Play*. We learn that the Messrs. Appleton have arranged for a separate translation for the American market, which will be brought out at the earliest possible moment.

SGR. F. A. DE VARNHAGEN, Brazilian minister to Peru, Chili, and Ecuador, has published in London a volume entitled *Amerigo Vesputi; son Caractère, ses Ecrits (même les moins authentiques), sa Vie, et ses Navigations*. In this he has brought a great deal of patient research to bear upon the controverted questions concerning the accuracy and truthfulness of the letters attributed to the great navigator,

as the result of which he reverses the conclusions popularly held.

CAPT. RICHARDS, of the Hydrographic Office of the British Admiralty, has just issued a work of value to students of physical geography as well as to the mariners for whom it was primarily intended. The book is entitled *Pilot Chart for the Atlantic Ocean*, and consists of five large maps,—four of them representing the prevalent winds and weather of the North and South Atlantic for the four seasons, and the fifth the ocean currents; to facilitate reference, the charts are divided into squares like a chess-board, and necessary explanations are given in marginal notes. Similar charts are to be prepared for the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

DR. MURRAY THOMSON has printed at Roorkee a report on meteorological observations in the North-western Provinces of India during 1867. The observations were made at 23 stations, 3 on the hills and 20 on the plains, representing all the physical features of the region. Many of these were conducted by native physicians and students, to whom lectures on the use of the instruments are delivered at Agra, their emulation being awakened by prizes. Dr. Thomson's ultimate object is to determine the connection between weather and disease, but he has not yet done more in this way than to show that a sudden fall of temperature is followed by an increased prevalence of cholera.

WE regret to record the death of Ex-Judge Gould, of Troy. The deceased was widely known and respected for high professional abilities and for the moral qualities that gave lustre to his reputation. Judge Gould graduated at Yale, practised law in Troy from about 1829, was a judge of the Supreme Court and of the Court of Appeals, and, in 1852-3, was mayor of Troy. He leaves, to lament his loss, a widow and, we believe, five children.

THE HOLBEIN SOCIETY is a new English organization for the fac-simile reproduction, by means of photolithography, of "rare books, in which art and literature were united." The Rev. Henry Green—who is the author of an extensive work on *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, now in the press—is to assume the duties of editorship, which seems likely to be more of a task than is usual with reprints of this sort. Hans Holbein's *Dance of Death* and his *Figures for the Old Testament*, engraved as well as designed by himself, are to be the first volumes issued. A specimen page from the former assures us of the excellence of the workmanship, and the convenience in size of the publications, which are to be of the small quarto adopted by the Spenser Society.

MR. JAMES SPEDDING's new volumes, the third and fourth, of the *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, carry on the subject from 1601 to 1613, the record of these dozen years filling 850 pages of close type. The description of the work, which comes to us through *The Athenæum*, is such as to account for the commercial failure of which, as our readers of two years ago may remember, Mr. Spedding complains so bitterly. His learning and industry are un-

questionable, but they are so employed as to overwhelm the reader with a work of such magnitude and fulness as only the most conscientious student could nerve himself to go through. Of the excellence of the notes there is no doubt, but they are said to constitute "an immense collection of Mr. Spedding's observations on men and things; notes on the state of parties, on contemporary science, on the character of King James, on the theory of finance, on the right of duelling, and on a thousand points beside," added to which we are told that "a note of ten or twelve pages is no uncommon feature in these volumes." Moreover, it seems that the style is that of Dryasdust, being dry and formal, proscribing anything picturesque and whatever might give life and color to the narrative, abounding in commentary and repetition, and proceeding on the theory that the modern editor has nothing to do with Lord Bacon's private and domestic life. Nevertheless, the exhaustiveness and accuracy of the work are such that it is likely to remain in permanence the standard life of Bacon.

WILLIAM DUGDALE, a man of singular and most unenviable literary reputation, has just died. He was a notorious and often-prosecuted publisher of indecent books and prints. He died, at sixty-nine years of age, in the Clerkenwell House of Correction, whither he was not long ago committed for eighteen months' imprisonment and hard labor for a repetition of the old offence. It is said that his first commitment to the jail in which he died took place forty-six years ago. Some of his relatives were present at the inquest, and the only complaint they made was that "he might have lived longer if literature of a higher kind had been supplied to him." . . . The jury appended to their verdict the following opinion: "Greater facilities should be afforded to the higher class of men who are prisoners, so that their minds might be amused with books of a higher intellectual character than those generally distributed through the wards." "We have no means of knowing what the mental calibre of William Dugdale may have been," says a London journal; "but it seems strange if a man who for nearly half a century debauched the minds of others by the stupid beastliness hatched in that Holywell Street den should have pined for want of more exalted literary food than that supplied in the two excellent publications alluded to."

MR. HEPPWORTH DIXON's *Spiritual Wives* has been translated into German by Dr. Frese, of Stuttgart, a member of the German Chamber, under the title of *Seelen-Bräute*. So much excitement has been occasioned in Prussia by its description of Ebel's Pietistic movement that strenuous efforts are being made to secure its suppression by the government, and Count von Kanitz and others are writing in explanation and refutation of it.

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, the Nile explorer, has written and "dedicated to all boys from eight years old to eighty" *Cast up by the Sea; or, the Adventures of Ned Grey*.

M. DU CHAILLU is soon to publish in London *Wild Life under the Equator*.

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